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The Changing Novel, by Mary M. Colum, on page 1070

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Scrapping the Past

THERE are some queer deductions made from the statement so often heard, and not to be denied, that the Western world has changed (some say progressed) more rapidly in the past thirty years than in any earlier two centuries. When habits change and principles are amended and the mind begins to control speed and disease and hunger and warmth, the conclusion seems to be that tradition can be run on the junk heap and left to bleach there. It is a bad idea for art.

Look, for example, at the modern novel, not in its finest exemplars, but by and large. It is ingenious, experimental, and as eager to picture everything inside the modern mind and out of it, as tabloid photographers to snap every incident of the day. But with noted exceptions it tends to be flimsy or shallow, topical or temporal. Its life is just a little longer than the newspaper it imitates. Read once, it is pushed out of the way of the next publication. This is, incidentally, one of the publisher's greatest problems. His stock goes stale in his storerooms or on bookshop shelves. It will not keep for a year, often it will not keep for the season in which it is printed.

One reason is that ninety per cent of these novelists are not prepared for their job. They have facility, but not real technique. They have learned, like journalists or cartoonists, to put the appearance of things quickly on paper, but not to breathe life into their paragraphs. Professional journalists, they are amateurs in the art of literature, of which they know little more than the average good reader. Compared with musicians, for example, or sculptors, or architects, they are too often ignoramuses in their craft. We study life, they say, let Tolstoy, Dickens, Fielding, Flaubert, Molière, Goldsmith, Cervantes go moulder in the libraries. They are dead, and can teach us nothing about the present. (If this seems exaggerated, try your novelist friends with searching questions.)

* * *

No art can stay an art with such an attitude. Literature, like all the great arts, builds up painfully its perceptions and representations of life. Each great writer adds a way or a means. Science—chemistry, for example—absorbs its own past, and the technique of 1829 is lost in the technique of 1929. But no such evolution happens in literature, which is more like a series of exhibits, each final of its kind, and all applicable again at any given moment or in any given situation. It is not a flight of steps which you go up but never descend.

The ignorant novelist (and poet and playwright) cockily sure that he can write what he sees, is constantly rediscovering crudely processes which his masters have carried out with finesse. He fails to give permanence and dimension to his studies because in his ignorance of past achievement he does not know what literary permanence and literary dimension are.

Be novel! Be original! Everyone says that nowadays, as if all you had to do was to put human nature into the back seat of an airplane in order to achieve a literary sensation. And therefore, fascinated by the study of people who travel in airplanes and govern their lives by the automobile, the writer never thinks to study also the long experience of writing itself which can show how the imagination may capture life in words, whether our subjects ride on rubber tires or in chariots.

One doubts whether there is any other art where so many people who are able and yet really ignorant practise as in literature. The knowledge, the facility, the acquaintance with effects and their causes of any composer of serious music for example, make your novelist and many of your poets seem children in their backgrounds and their skill. He knows what has been done and how and why it was done. They don't and their books show it, even if a wider audience, ignorant itself, thinks they are competent and original.

The writer has swallowed the poppycock of "forget tradition" and does not even know he is hooked. It sounds so reasonable in an age when science makes itself over every week-end, that he is prouder of being a babe and a suckling, innocent of the past, though hard-boiled as to the present, than a product of a long apprenticeship. Real excellence seems to him dull, solid, static, because he is tuned

(*Continued on page* 1069)

Ungentle Threat

By WINIFRED WELLES

OF course I shall grow old, but not with grace.
Since all my life I have been greatly scolded.
For my excess of gentleness, no folded
Delicate hands, no bosom trimmed with lace
Shall decorate my age, nor shall my face
Turn pleasant porcelain most sweetly moulded.
And of the hair that once was softly golded
Shall not survive one softlier silvered trace.
I shall be knotted, menacing and grim,
Wigged like a judge and like a jaguar clawed.
I shall be able with a baleful tongue
And beady eye to slay the heroic young.
And when I point my finger, overawed,
Even the trees will shake in every limb.

This Week

"The Modern Temper."
Reviewed by JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.
"A Cedar Box."
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN.
"Science and Good Behavior."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.
"Creative Imagination."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.
"Four Faces of Siva."
Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS.
"The Case for the Defendant."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.
"Awake and Rehearse."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.
"Stone Daugherty."
Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO.
"Poor Women."
Reviewed by GRACE FRANK.
"Karl Marx."
Reviewed by JOHN SPARGO.
"The Basis of Modern Science."
Reviewed by WILLIAM P. MONTAGUE.

Next Week, or Later

Sir James Barrie.
By DESMOND MACCARTHY.

The Modern Distemper*

By RALPH BARTON PERRY

DR. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH having examined the ailing world leaves its bedside and reports to the anxious relatives and friends who are gathered in the ante-room. He issues a bulletin and publishes it abroad. His tone is humane, and without any suggestion of professional hardness or cynicism. But his face is grave and it is at once evident that he is the bearer of ill-tidings. The patient, it appears, suffers from a complication of diseases, any one of which may prove fatal. Science has undermined faith, experience having discredited belief in a moral order, and left no field for fond imagining and speculation. The knowledge of the diversity and relativity of custom has destroyed the possibility of an absolute moral standard. Man has discovered that in proportion as he develops his distinctively human faculties and cultivates art and philosophy, he desocializes himself, and becomes a less healthy member of the group than if he had remained a creature of instinct, habit, or collective passion. Science has proved a broken reed. It has increased human power, to be sure, but it has brought neither wisdom nor happiness. Love, having become commonplace and physiological, has ceased to be romantic. Tragedy is no longer heroic. There is a "universal modern incapacity to conceive men as noble." Having "reasoned away" all fixed points of reference, all universal standards by which life can be rationalized, the modern mind falls back upon the dictum that "life is an art," and thereby transfers to life the diverse and conflicting values of esthetic subjectivity. Philosophy in the name of "pragmatism" has substituted "beneficent fictions" for objective certainties; and in the name of the metaphysics of "emergence," has abandoned the facts of nature for a realm of mere possibility where it can play its harmless "game" of logic. Such is the diagnosis.

* * *

Then having throughout the rest of the book been led to suppose that the world was suffering from doubt and disillusionment, and that the cure, if any, would be in some fresh appeal to reason and faith, we are suddenly informed in the "Conclusion" that these are only superficial symptoms of the real disorder, which is a loss of primitive vitality. The author having testified against all creeds, suddenly discloses his own pious acceptance of the creed of Spengler and Keyserling. According to this creed, creeds do not matter anyway, since in their adoption as well as in their rejection they are confessions of the one incurable disease, namely cultural senescence.

If I were called into consultation on the present state of the world and asked what was the matter with the patient, I should begin by suggesting that the consultation be adjourned until the consultants had themselves been examined as to the condition of their individual livers and arteries. This might result in transferring and localizing the seat of the disorder. In other words, I am quite prepared to believe, that there is nothing the matter with the age, but that Mr. Krutch and I are suffering personally from auto-intoxication or sclerosis. Supposing us to receive a clean bill of health, I should then venture to point out that the complaints which

* THE MODERN TEMPER: A STUDY AND A CONFESSION. By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $2.50.

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make up the bulk of Mr. Krutch's diagnosis are chronic maladies, which have not proved fatal hitherto, and which furnish no special occasion for alarm at this time. There is a presumption, in fact, that the world has acquired some degree of immunity to them. Such, for example, are ignorance, error, sin, poverty, pain, ugliness, failure, periodic disillusionment, broken hearts, senility, and death. All of this is an old story. Nature has always been known by its hardness. It might, perhaps, be said that man originally discovered nature, as he continues to rediscover it, by bruising himself upon it in the dark. He has always been, as he is now, confronted with the problem of learning to live with this rough partner. Science has always, at any rate for twenty-five hundred years, played the thankless rôle of expounding this less genial aspect of things. That electrons should have been substituted for atoms, or ellipses for circles, or spiral nebulæ for a firmament, or light-years for solar years, matters very little in the ledger of human hopes and fears. The ratio of man and the physical cosmos remains fairly constant, since in proportion as the cosmos increases in extent and in minuteness human thought and imagination expand to fill it. As to the human side of the situation, the depths of human depravity or of soul-sickness have long since been plumbed. We have new names for the various forms of man's infirmity, but in East and West alike discoveries of this sort have been anticipated and discounted, once and for all, by the sweeping judgment that his corruption is incurable and his impotence past all helping.

* * *

It may be argued that two gospels of hope have recently been discredited, namely, secular progressivism and anthropomorphic theism. Against these claims it may with reason be objected that new political habits and instruments have made world peace for the first time a conceivable possibility; and that both materialism and mechanism have proved to be bugaboos created by the scientific medicine man. But both arguments are questionable, let us agree, in order to reduce the area of the discussion, that man's power to improve his condition through the applications of science and the lessons of experience is less [illegible] than was once supposed; and that there is [illegible]ison to believe that the world is governed by [illegible]ose concurrent with human hopes. The former gospel has never until recently, and then only in Western Europe, been an important source of optimism, while the latter gospel has always needed the support of faith. In any case, there are other gospels which remain impregnable to such evidence as our author has cited. Such are, for example, the martial, adventurous spirit, with a relish for danger and hardship; the cult of intellectual or esthetic detachment; the faith which discovers a means of spiritual regeneration in suffering; and the mood in which self-forgetful love springs from despair and humility.

The great philosophical systems, furthermore, remain intact. I do not mean that any one of them is true, but only that they are as true as they ever were; as hypotheses, they are "live" hypotheses. This is because their truth as systems, their metaphysical truth, never depended on the particular discoveries of the particular sciences, but only on an interpretation of the meaning of science as a whole. Suppose Spinoza to be alive to-day and to be acquainted with the latest returns from astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and psychology; suppose him, furthermore, to be acquainted with the history of man from 1600 to 1929: the essentials of his system, his conceptions of infinite substance and finite modes, of God and man, of intellect and passion, and his saving love of God, would remain unaffected.

* * *

It so happens that during the last few weeks I have been reading that insuppressible old optimist, that Elizabethan mystic, the elder Henry James. Reading alternately from "The Modern Temper" and James's "Substance and Shadow," I have reflected how little the author of the latter would have been disturbed by the former. The world which Mr. Krutch finds sick, James found hopelessly doomed. Mr. Krutch condemns the world in detail, James condemned it wholesale. The former is afflicted with a tepid melancholy, the latter boiled with genial wrath and fiery denunciation. But while Mr. Krutch ends on the even pessimistic note James's spirit rose from profounder depths to extravagant heights of hope and joy. What makes the difference? Not anything that has been learned about man or nature in the interval, nor any change in the state of human affairs. The difference is a difference between James and Mr. Krutch; James had a stronger appetite for life, a more elastic spirit, a more forgiving love, and a more unquenchable faith. A strong appetite relishes even the bitter dregs of life, an elastic spirit is exalted after depression, an indulgent love is deepened by the unworthiness of its object, and a robust faith is strengthened rather than undermined by the contrariety of fact. I say this not in condemnation of Mr. Krutch, but merely to suggest that had James lived to-day and Mr. Krutch in 1850 their judgments upon the world would not have been essentially altered.

* * *

This brings us to our author's concluding remarks in which he appears himself to impute the decline of optimism not to any new evidence regarding the state of the world, but rather to a growing feebleness on the part of man. Granting that optimism and pessimism are always compounded of two factors, the one objective and the other subjective, it is the latter rather than the former which has changed. But Mr. Krutch does not attribute even this subjective condition of pessimism to himself personally. Like all pessimists he seeks (and I do not in the least blame him) to justify his mood by generalizing it, or by imputing to it a sort of objective significance. He interprets it as a symptom of the inevitable decay of Western European civilization, which having completed its predestined cycle is doomed to be superseded by a more primitive and virile successor.

As to this now familiar philosophy of history, which our author shares with Spengler and Keyserling, its widespread acceptance at the present day should remove all fears as to any decline in human credulity. Mr. Krutch's version of this doctrine is no improvement upon that of his predecessors. What it gains by avoidance of unction and prophetic solemnity it loses by a decline in historical sweep and vividness. The doctrine remains at best a brilliant speculation, resting upon an incomplete induction and a lame conceptual analogy. There is, so it is argued, a uniform series of stages through which every civilization passes—instinct, faith, philosophy, and scepticism. When a first civilization has been mortally stricken with scepticism, a second civilization brushes it aside and enters upon the same cycle in its turn. Historically the idea rests almost wholly upon the stereotyped view of the destruction of senile Rome by adolescent barbarians. Conceptually the idea depends on transferring to "civilization" the notion of a living and aging organism. The historical stereotype is being rapidly discredited by increased knowledge of later Roman and early medieval times. The evident continuity of historical transition makes the concept of a succession of cultural organisms increasingly inapplicable. Senescence is one of the most obscure of biological ideas and its use in history is a flagrant case of the fallacy of *obscurum per obscurius*. Advanced civilizations are, it is true, sometimes overthrown by relatively primitive civilizations—but so are the primitive sometimes overthrown by the advanced, the advanced by the advanced, and the primitive by the primitive. As to the likelihood that the barbarian invaders who will inaugurate the next "young" civilization will come from Moscow, I must remain silent, being one of the few persons extant and able to wield a pen who have not penetrated the soul of Soviet Russia.

* * *

According to Mr. Krutch's ultimate views there is really no such thing as "the modern temper," for what is taken to be peculiar to the age in which we live is really only the recurrent phenomenon of old age. Being more sceptical than Mr. Krutch, and doubting his fatalistic philosophy of history, I am free to look for novelty. I do not find it where our author (during the early portions of his book) seems to find it—in any new and disquieting revelations of science or metaphysics; I find it not in the content of culture, but rather in its distribution. The increase of literacy and communication has led to vulgarization and publicity on an unparalleled scale. Instead of a society divided between a few seers, critics, and authorities on the one hand, and a well-disciplined and docile mass on the other, we have the mass trying to think for itself, greedy for ideas, and insisting upon having them served in forms that are palatable as well as assimilable. The most evident result seems to be a levelling down, but for all we know the skies may yet be pierced by loftier peaks that spring from a higher and broader human base than any which history has yet known.

Verbal Loveliness

A CEDAR BOX. By ROBERT NATHAN. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1929. $1.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN 1922, Robert Nathan, then the author of that short, idyllic novel, "Autumn," and since then the author of other novels equally brief and equally alien from the reality that is known to the realists, published a volume of poetry entitled "Youth Grows Old." The text ran to fifty-four pages, a quatrain sometimes claiming a whole page for its own. Now, after seven years, he has published "A Cedar Box," in which the text runs to only thirty-three pages and in which quatrains again enjoy an abundance of elbow-room. These two volumes contain most of the poetry that he has written and, apparently, all that he cares to preserve.

Dull though statistics are, they are admissible as evidence that Nathan is not a prolific writer of verse, and his infecundity is significant. His virtues are those of one who is never hurried into expression, of one whose thoughts are never so tumultuously insistent that they must rush into words, any way, any how; his faults, or rather his shortcomings, are characteristic of one who, possessed of ample leisure, is ready to linger long and lovingly over the phrasing of trifles. It is always well to know what we may expect from a poet, and in the case of Robert Nathan we need not wonder. To him we may look neither for abundance nor crude power: a few lines usually suffice for whatever he wishes to say at any given time, and a sonnet is for him a sustained and lengthy flight. But we can look to him for melancholy wisdom, whimsical resignation, melody, and a pure verbal loveliness that is independent of whatever charges of thought it may veil; and it is in the sonnets that we find all we seek. More powerful and more original sonnets have certainly been written by poets of this generation, but I have seen none more simply beautiful. Writing a sonnet, Nathan is at his best; his pen becomes an enchanter's wand. But even a single example is of more value than a hundred lines of comment; so let me quote the first sonnet of the nine that "The Cedar Box" contains—

> When in the crowd I suddenly behold
> Your small, proud head, so like a queen for grace,
> Bearing its weight of spun and twisted gold
> Like an old crown on an imperial face;
> When through the chime of gossip and the cries
> I meet your glance, amused, serene, and bright
> With some small secret, and behold your eyes
> Leap into laughter and immediate light,
> Then as a bird might hear repeated over
> (His own song done) the same familiar part
> From distant bows and from the absent lover,
> And with that single beauty fill his heart,
> I hear all other sounds, all other words,
> Dwindle to silence like the song of birds.

There is no space here to underline the perfection of such lines as "Like an old crown on an imperial face," "When through the chime of gossip," "Leap into laughter and immediate light," and that last, most exquisite of all, "Dwindle to silence like the song of birds." Perhaps it is as well; nothing might be accomplished by it. As Louis Untermeyer says in his short foreword, Nathan's poems are "songs of a sensitive spirit for a sensitive audience." They cannot be thrust upon, or "sold" to, anyone. But I would remind those who think they detect platitudes in the poet's statements that youth grows old, that love dies, and that autumn follows summer, of how Sir Walter Raleigh once defined a platitude. He wrote: "A platitude is a truth spoken by someone who does not feel it." Nathan feels his truths, and therefore does not speak platitudes.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination for bookbinders. Application must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than June 19. The examination is to fill vacancies in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and vacancies as they occur from time to time in the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., and in positions requiring similar qualifications. In the Bureau of Engraving and Printing the hourly wage is $1.05 for bookbinder, and bookbinder machine operator. In the Government Printing Office the hourly wage is $1.00 for bookbinder, and $1.05 for bookbinder, machine operator. Full information may be obtained from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or the secretary of the United States Civil Service Board of Examiners at the post office or customhouse in any city.

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Scientific Ethics

SCIENCE AND GOOD BEHAVIOUR. By H. M. PARSHLEY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

A PROPOSAL to make ethics scientific, and convert the search after righteousness into a fact-finding process, looks like a hope of the great conclusive peace, not the peace that passeth understanding, but the peace that is such because it does not pass understanding. To be good is to have knowledge and intelligence—that is a Platonic doctrine, and Professor Parshley is hardly a Platonist, but he has a Greek confidence in the dry light of mentality, its capacity to control conduct.

But it is early to be discovered that his mind does move altogether in a dry light. He is as human and irascible as a Fundamentalist. He delights in flouts and jeers. His proposition speaks loud and thunders in the index, but does not seem to fulfil as much as it promises. "Here is the simple biological explanation of that great mystery (of death) which has baffled the philosophers and holy men of every age." And the explanation, relieved of some technicality, seems to be that death is due to complexity of organization. The higher animals are composed, not merely of reproductive cells, but mainly of cells which cannot conjugate and reproduce, being specialized to other ends. Cellular activity normally dies down in the absence of conjugation, and most of the cellular units in the organism being unable to conjugate, the organism dies of their senility. But does Professor Parshley really think that this is "that great mystery which has baffled the philosophers and holy men of every age?" He seems to. He seems to think that, when it is asked: "If a man die shall he live? And if so, in what sense of the word? Or if not, what's the use?"—the problem is solved and certainly assured by the answer: "Cellular activity ceases in the absence of conjugation."

Presumably it is a matter of inadvertant language, but it suggests that the saints and the scientists move in different worlds, and will always find it difficult to get together. The saints are with the poets in a world that is bright with the light and darkened with shadows that never were on sea or land. To their questions which

> Earth could not answer, nor the seas that mourn
> In flowing purple, of their Lord forlorn,

the scientist will always reply with answers to questions which the saints have not asked.

But we are concerned here with ethics, with scientific ethics, or with

> science as a promising foundation for the new ethics—The chief support of obscurantism at this moment is the notion that motives, values and ideals, unlike material things, are beyond the range of scientific study—Motives, values and ideals grow out of the fundamental urges by way of human needs, desires and aims—and therefore can be studied, controlled, and judged by their fruits, scientifically, like other items of behavior. To set them apart in some vague and inaccessible realm of the spirit is simply to erase them from rational thought. To give them over into the keeping of priests and philosophers, whose competence we distrust, is to obscure the way to truth about them—There is hardly a practical question of conduct to be met with in our daily life, I believe, which cannot be more intelligently and safely answered if we take scientific knowledge into account in solving it, then if we only rely upon other sources of guidance.

No doubt a biologist can be as partisan as a theologian in his claims of jurisdiction; but most of us, or most readers of the *Saturday Review*, are probably prepared to go a long way with Professor Parshley. Behavior is a fact, and "so are the urges that underly it, and the sense of values that it illustrates. Some of these facts are explainable." Facts ascertained by scientists are influencing, and will inevitably do so more and more, both social and personal ideas of right and wrong. As items of scientific knowledge become absorbed in the general consciousness, they inevitably effect practical conduct and ethical codes. At least they effect the forms.

Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, in a recent essay in the *Saturday Review*, illustrates to what different conclusions one comes from a different starting point, under the guidance of a different set of values:

> There is no new wisdom of the sort that teaches men how to live. There was a moment in the nineteenth century when it was hoped that science would provide a new ethic. That hope is dead—Science cannot make men merciful—The heart has not been touched—There has not been, so far as one can see, the slightest emotional adjustment to the ethic which Christianity feigns to accept.

It is possible to go a long way with Professor Parshley, and still see, with Mr. Lewisohn, no salvation in that direction. If it has yet brought us no nearer the "justice, truth, and peace" of Simeon, son of that Gamaliel whose pupil was Saul of Tarsus, what substance is there in the faith that it will do so? Simeon's "truth" was steadfastness. It had no quarrel with fact-finding methods, for it had nothing to do with them.

In the chapter here on "Alcohol," it seems as if the issue were primarily a fact-finding issue. After Professor Pearl and Professor Starling, and their like, have found by analysis and statistics that alcohol is a food of considerable value up to a more or less definite point for average men, and beyond that a drug; that heavy drinkers probably always suffer in health and efficiency, and moderate drinkers as a rule do not; it seems as if the arguments on both sides ought to keep within the lines of those ascertained facts. Given the situation, however, says Professor Pearl, that alcohol when abused leads to disastrous consequences, and there are always people who will abuse it; on the other hand, that if not abused, it has certain physical, social, and perhaps psychical values; mankind then divides promptly into two moities, really on a basis of taste: those

Illustration from "The Lady of the Lotus," by Ahmad-ul-Umari (Oxford University Press)

who think they ought to guard the weak brother and society around him against those consequences; and those who feel it indecent to deprive the bulk of humanity of its choices and pleasures, in order that those who lack self-control may be theoretically kept out of temptation.

Being a matter of taste involves being a matter of emphasis; and when we speak of taste and emphasis, we have moved out of the fact-finding sphere. As a sociologist one may go on finding facts in favor of prohibition out of the statistics of crime and pauperism, or facts against it out of the history of sumptuary legislation and the uniform failure to force large masses of population against their wishes and established customs; but for the most part the further one goes the more the strict method becomes inapplicable. One finds that Professor Parshley argues as reasonably as most of us do in this indeterminate field; but that he is, after all, mainly and like most of us, expressing tastes and selecting emphasis; that what he knows here is what he is earnestly convinced of; but that this earnest conviction is largely a composition of tastes and emphases, like the earnest conviction of his prohibitionist opponents. Both convictions behave quite temperamentally.

In the chapter on Religion it seems to be maintained that there cannot be a scientific ethics so long as there is any religion in it. Many would answer by admitting the charge, and adding that there cannot be an efficient ethics so long as there is no religion in it. Again we are in an indeterminate field, in which Professor Parshley is as dogmatic as a Fundamentalist. In fact he dislikes the Modernist more emphatically than the Fundamentalist. One may sympathise with him, or be tempted to quote in rebuttal the Marquis of Halifax on the "trimmer," his invaluable services to society, which seems to have usually been wrecked by extremists and saved by compromisers and adjusters. And once more the still, small voice of precision and certainty is faint and far from this our war, our call and counter cry. To say that "the field of religion in its essence amounts to a field of ignorance," or to show that its biological features are mainly pathological, or refashioned survivals, will not satisfy those who feel that the sole autocracy of "dry mentality" turns this field into a desert of dry bones; turns "I have meat that ye know not of" into "the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

Does "our inspection of behavior bring us to the idea that science affords a promising foundation for a new ethics?" Or does it bring us to Mr. Lewisohn's idea that "salvation is of the Jews" and their ancient wisdom valid now as ever? It brings Professor Parshley to the conclusion that "the basic aim of life in man," as in animals, "is to live in comfort. —In the view which we have reached through biology, the significance of life appears to be the happiness of individuals." Others have reached the same conclusion who did not call themselves scientists but philosophers. Will there not be others still, whose thinking is neither shallow nor barren, but to whom it will seem that, from whatever source received, it is a view of life that singularly deprives life of significance?

Foundation, basic, essence, significance, are all question-begging words, good words but clothed in assumptions. If Professor Parshley had said that happiness is the chief personal motive, I presume the psychologists might agree with him. I know next to nothing about educational psychology; but whether you get a better man from the child of old-fashioned discipline, or the new-fashioned open doors to spontaneous impulse, seems to depend also on the emphasis put on this value or that. Anyone who was brought up under the old-fashioned ideas of discipline and duty, and has felt a lifelong value from them, will see little but vituperation in the remark: "The family is no longer indistinguishable from a convict camp"; for he does not remember anything resembling a convict camp.

He has the impression that the (sometimes irksome) home discipline has forestalled and saved him from a discipline at the hands of the great world not nearly so considerate. It taught him how to do things that he did not want to notices now that he often has to do such thi can do them easily; whereas other men, who had little but spontaneous impulse (it used to be called indulgence) in their education, can do such things with difficulty, if at all. Accordingly he will think Professor Parshley's attitude only a heated opinion on an unsettled issue, in a field of pros and cons, where emphasis varies and values are incommensurate. He may even have an ethical theory of his own, drawn from experience, namely, that happiness is a by-product of other aims.

There used to be a school of literary criticism which called itself "scientific." There is now one that calls itself "philosophic." I happen to have little confidence in the latter, either as method or nomenclature, and the former seems to have disappeared. But I am not arguing that Professor Parshley's plea for the application of scientific method to the study of ethics is not worth making. No doubt the idea is largely sound; moreover the tide is setting that way. I think he overstates his case, and then makes admissions which are inconsistent with such extended claims. . . . In a subject like ethics, however scientifically certain the facts from which you reason, you can never reason from all the facts; "isolating the problem" is often a euphuism for leaving out the facts which you cannot weigh, measure, or handle.

One is not an obscurantist if he asks to be shown, and the examples given of "the new ethics," (if they are intended as examples) seem to be as debatable, to have as much argumentative emotion mixed into their foundations and superstructures as any ordinary example of the old ethics. Perhaps that is why Professor Parshley is so readable, and also why he is not very impressive.

Treves, of Milan, is bringing out an excellent series of small guides to Italian museums, galleries, and chief churches, which is a real boon to traveler-students. The title of the series explains its red-letter character—"Collezione del Fiore." Each illustration has a page of letterpress facing it, written by a director of a gallery or some other authority on art. The volume on the cathedral and cloister of Monreale, by Professor Mauceri, is a good example of this new type of pocket art book. Each one is well printed and only costs 8 lire.

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The Creative Mind

CREATIVE IMAGINATION. By JUNE E. DOWNEY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

THERE has been so much said and written concerning literary creations that is inane or banal, irrelevant or futile, that a reviewer's assurance of the advent of a book that is as adequate psychologically as it is stimulating esthetically, will be received with a sceptical reservation. Yet Professor June E. Downey has accomplished that seemingly impossible task,—suggesting so anachronistic a combination as Minerva directing Pegasus.

Miss Downey's comprehension of her task arises from an equal adeptship in psychology and in literature. She labels one of her chapters: "The Poet Psychologizes"; part of the charm of her presentation and the allure of her style arises from the skill with which the psychologist poetizes, or enriches her material by following expertly the clue of esthetic values. But Miss Downey is equally clear-headed in regard to what psychology can and cannot do to enlighten the literary torch-bearers or burners of midnight oil, in regard to the varying and flickering sources of their illumination, including the occasional flash, the rarer incandescence of inspiration.

The man of letters is like all other constructors, designers, adapters, creators, a craftsman; the technique of his art is the handling of words. But in the beginning was not the word but the thought. Ideas one must assume, or in their absence or feeble flow, the light burns low. But thought proceeds upon the direct sensory contact, and our "visions," however imaginative, take form and color from a spatial, patterned, chromatic world; yet the effective image is less that on the retina than in the mind's eye. Though image is a visual term primarily, it enlarges to include all the other senses; to many, perhaps to most, the inner speech is an audible thought, so that even in writing, the writer receives the confirmation of how it sounds rather than how it reads. The shift from image to imagination is but a change of focus, involving, however, that projection mechanism by which significance is obtained and the personalized values of experience emerge. It is in this interplay that Miss Downey and others have utilized the introspection technique and the laboratory findings. We differ notably in sensitiveness to the impact of sense experience; the sensory as well as the emotional and intellectual threshold may be high or low. Much of this native strength or original experience we lose in early life; and some maintain an imageless thought, wholly transferred into verbal and logical messages, lacking even a reverberation of the energy of sense or muscle. But with the comprehensive rôle of the metaphor and the symbol, the image retains its dominance for the literary mind. The verbal art—that sense of phrase so brilliantly exhibited in this essay—is to catch the thought on the wing and give it verbal habitation and a name.

But style though thus componented, derives vitally from the personal attitudes and patterns, in which, under the guidance of various phases of modern, including Freudian, psychology, we recognize the dominance of the emotions, with a logic, a tempo, a rhythm, of their own. This sends the seeker for the sources of literary creation to the emotional sources, the motives, and generally to the supporting mechanisms of the creative stream. The subconscious is there, less sphinx-like since subjected to analysis, yet still dependent upon the stuff that dreams are made on. The analogy between the resultants of a Freudian dream analysis,—condensation, projection, transference, symbolization, rationalization, disguise, and the technique of that esthetic objectivity which is art, is remarkably complete and suggestive, however the quest or movement of a dream contrasts with the assignment, the accepted task and goal of the wide-awake, often laboriously achieved composition.

Miss Downey describes it well by accepting the psychological concept of distance, which must be maintained if the result is to be more than a bare prosy record of reality. The illusion of the theatre illustrates esthetic distance, which in turn gives the problem of realism a revised version. The writer, however intimate with his work, maintains a psychic distance that makes its value. Another aspect of an allied relation appears in the doctrine of sympathy, by which we feel by projection of our own sympathetic participation, not only the pose of a statue, but the stress of an arch or a column, the subtle curve of a vase, the restful expanse of field or sea; for thereby the mood values of experience are created.

With these eclectic selections from one and another of the façades that in their composition give the pattern of the creative imagination, the reader may be directed for the further satisfaction of his interests, to the sprightly and engaging pages of this significant contribution.

A Vanished Race

FOUR FACES OF SIVA. The Detective Story of a Vanished Race. By ROBERT J. CASEY. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

SOME sixty years ago the French naturalist, Muhot, rediscovered for the Western world the stupendous ruins of Angkor. Since then the world has read much, wondered at its beauties lying there in the midst of the jungle, and been baffled by the mysteries of its dereliction. Its story has been popularized by Pierre Loti, Sir Hugh Clifford, and other masters, and archæologists like Groslier have given us the details of its sculptures and inscriptions. But the mystery remains. Why did a vast and highly civilized population settle in the jungle, build these stupendous monuments, and vanish, leaving no other trace? Earth tremors, interpreted as the anger of the gods at this intrusion upon their immemorial quiet—this is the best explanation yet given and the fact remains that the peoples of the jungle still regard these places as tabu. An Indian scholar, Professor G. N. Banerjee, has recently summed up what can be known concerning these Khmer civilizations in these words:

> All that we can really ascertain at the present time concerning the Khmer civilization is that it flourished and came to full fruition before its subjugation by China; that the Chinese dominion ended before the conclusion of the tenth century of our era, though it had a nominal and more or less formal existence for more than three centuries later; that Angkor and the other towns of Cambodia were occupied by the natives of the country well into the fourteenth century, although by that time the civilization of the Khmers had decayed, their arts would appear to have declined, and the number of their subjects to have dwindled. It further seems probable that some time in the fourteenth century the ancient buildings were deserted.

As in the case of early Indian history, it is a Chinese traveler to whom we must turn for the first light in the problem. He came in the year 1295 to Cambodia, as an ambassador from Kublai Khan, and he has left us a detailed account of its capital, shaped like a rectangle, and of its Causeway of Giants leading to the western entrance which is still such a remarkable feature of the ruined city. The great tower with its four faces of Siva he described as representing the Buddha, very much as early Greek travelers in India described the Buddha as Herakles, and he gives us a vivid picture of the processions and pomps of this medieval kingdom, of its rough and ready justice, and of the royal troupes of dancing girls who are so vividly portrayed upon the sculptured walls, and who still dance their stately symbolic dances. Here is Mr. Casey's description of them:

> It is difficult to realize that they are alive and not one with the visionary kings and priests and elephants that imagination has built out of the moon-dust. But they are real. . . . The one bit of life in all Angkor that does not seem out of place . . . dancing-girls come to reënact the ancient legends of the Khmers and to relight for one brief hour the altar fires of Angkor Vat.
>
> The dance, as in the No Plays, was the enactment of a legend. It was not a dance at all as Occidentals understand dancing—merely a series of posturings, some of them pretty, some of them not, all of them accomplished only through remarkable muscular control. It was a startling thing to see these girls, their white faces as immobile and expressionless as masks, marching slowly through the drifting smoke and into the light of the torches—arms extended, bodies bent backward, and feet advancing and descending with movement almost imperceptible. Students who have analyzed these dances in Pnom Penh, Angkor, Battambang, and the bush towns, say that the march step of the dance is closely patterned after the gait of the elephant. Once this clue is given the effect is obvious. It is by no means the least marvelous feature of the dance that these mites of women should be able to copy so perfectly the ponderous caution of the elephant—the slow motion of his stride and his quick shift of weight.

These are fair samples of Mr. Casey's power as a writer, and his book is a fascinating one, whether as a story of travel or as a collection of legends, archæologic theory, and interesting comments upon the art of the Khmers. He makes the Emperor Yaçovarman, greatest of builders, live again, and gives us the tragic story of his early death as a leper. He will kindle in many an interest in this great series of monuments of Hindu art, quickened by the Mongolian spirit of artistry, in the symbolism of the one and the sheer love of beauty of the other. These remain to tell of the blending of two great civilizations. That the inspiration is mainly Indian is clear: the very name Angkor is of Sanskrit origin, "Nagara" meaning city; and there are many Sanskrit inscriptions as well as Hindu gods and scenes from the *Ramayara* and Dravidian towers to link this great monument with India. There is, moreover, the ground-plan of Angkor Vat which is a development of Boro Bodur, itself in turn the elaboration of the Buddhist Stupa with its four gateways and its procession path. But all of this Indian art has been naturalized, as though native artisans with native models worked under the direction of Indian scholars and architects. This is probably what happened, and certainly a vast slave population toiled at rearing these gigantic monuments. Here is "a whole Cambodian nation turned to stone" in the galleries of the Bayon.

Of the genius and energy of these builders all writers upon Angkor are agreed. "If we admire the pyramids as a gigantic work of human strength and patience," says Francies Garnier, "we must add here to an equal strength and patience the touch of genius." Mr. Casey holds that Angkor Vat combines the charm of the Taj Mahal with the strength of the pyramids; yet he is a critical student, and distinguishes between good and bad work, between what is over-elaborated as in the *nouveau riche* art of Angkor Thom, and what is restrained and harmonious as in the splendid towers and galleries of Angkor Vat.

He claims to have found a new city, and it seems more than likely that there are many yet unknown ruins hidden in the jungle, and awaiting exploration. Certainly Angkor is no isolated phenomenon. If he does not solve the riddle for us, Mr. Casey's book will quicken interest, and swell the stream, already considerable, of eager pilgrims to Angkor. His book is illustrated with fine photographs and ground plans. And it ends with a characteristic passage:

> Sunrise on Angkor Vat . . .
>
> The sky is hot now behind the towers. The mists are lifting from the lower galleries disclosing the silhouette of the temple as vaguely unreal as an image on a shadow screen. The ghosts are gone but their memory remains as the elephants come plodding across the causeway. The vastness of the pyramid seems to cover the horizon and for this moment, at least, the Khmers are alive again. A purple shadow, cast by one of the eastern towers, deepens the shade on a central spire. And it takes appropriately the shape of a question mark. No symbol—not even the linga of Siva, the Destroyer—could typify more clearly the soul of Angkor:
>
> Who were these people?

THE books listed below have been read with interest by the Editors of *The Saturday Review* and have seemed to us worthy of especial recommendation to our subscribers. It is our desire to bring to the attention of our readers books of real excellence, especially books by new or not widely known authors, which may not always get the recognition which we believe they deserve.

★THE PATH OF GLORY. By GEORGE BLAKE. Harpers. A stark and moving portrayal of a Highland Scot of the type of Kipling's Sergeant Ortheris who fights through the war to his death at Gallipoli inarticulate, bewildered, and piteous.

★MOLINOFF. By MAURICE BEDEL. Viking. A light and entertaining extravaganza wherein love and masquerade play a part.

★CLARK OF THE OHIO. By FREDERICK PALMER. Dodd, Mead. A biography of the first great Westerner which is also a history of his period.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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A Problem in Conduct

THE CASE FOR THE DEFENDANT. By HANS AUFRICHT-RUDA. Translated by BERNARD MIALL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THIS is the first of the novels of Hans Aufricht-Ruda to appear in translation, and the first to make a critical stir even in Germany; but no one who has read the book needs to be assured of that stir or needs the appended appreciation by Jacob Wassermann to be certain of its importance. In its barest outline, the plot is a case history, or rather two interlocked case histories, from a psychopathologist's notebook. In 1835, a lieutenant of lancers, attached to the cavalry school at Saumur-sur-Loire, was accused by his Colonel's daughter of a series of persecutions culminating in an assault. The charge was false; but the lieutenant, who had a bad reputation where women were concerned and a bad record as an officer, was generally believed to be guilty, and, although he was in a position to establish his innocence, when he learned who his accuser was, made no defense, accepted a harsh sentence, and went to prison. So much is a matter of court record: a *cause célèbre* of the 1830's of which the true facts only came out years afterwards by the confession of the colonel's daughter who had made a false charge.

This complex problem in human conduct Herr Aufricht-Ruda sets himself to interpret by the imaginative reintegration of the surviving data into a living story which by its own convincing organic unity shall contain its own explanation without interpolation or tangential reflection, without recourse to the technical phraseology of the psychologists, without self-conscious analysis, or generalization, or sentimentality. With an admirable simplicity, a rare economy of effort, the facts of the narrative are made to speak for themselves.

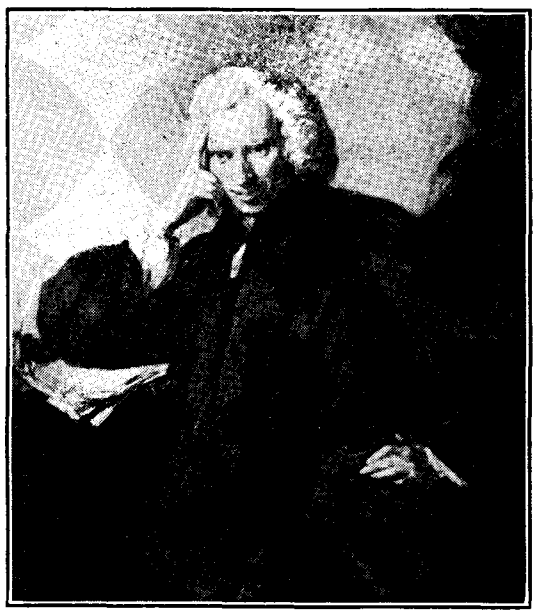
To the illumination of these facts, Herr Aufricht-Ruda brings a gift for making vivid the past which has no need of the pedantry of period furnishing and the history of costume to accomplish its magic, and a "physiognomic tact" which, in the presence of recorded human actions, seems to detect with inevitable rightness the hidden springs of motive. The minor characters are drawn with clear, sharp strokes, mere sketches, profiles caught briefly as they pass across the light focused on the story, yet with an amazing subtlety of implication. The lieutenant's father, fussy, pompous, absurd, his doting, flighty mother, the stern figures of the Morells, parents of the girl, preoccupied with their grief for their five sons fallen in Russia, Miss Allen, the girl's unimaginative, kindly governess, even the priggish adjutant, and Maître Barrot, the famous advocate, are all, one feels, the necessary accomplices of the final injustice, all unescapably implied by that central fact, buttressing the interpretation like so many foot-notes, and yet each is felt, too, as a human entity, satisfying, complete.

* * *

Of the two leading persons, Marie de Morell, a hysterical adolescent, fresh from the repressive discipline of the convent, yearning to concentrate on herself the regard and attention which in a soldier's household goes to the five dead soldier sons, is the more readily understood. Perhaps that is why the author has chosen chiefly the angle of the defendant, Lieutenant de la Roncière, whose tangled motives and obscurer desires it is simpler to feel than to formulate. It would have been easy to represent Marie as a shallow, lying little slut; and easier still to call down upon the head of de la Roncière a flood of maudlin admiration and weakening pity. The lieutenant's habitual Byronic irony, his distrust of the world and of himself, his quick anger at injustice, and his contemptuous refusal to expect anything better, positively invite the romantic idealization of the noble soul misunderstood. Herr Aufricht-Ruda avoids the trap; he seems not even to notice it. And with equal sureness he avoids the pseudo-scientific indifference, the bitter, brittle hardness of some of his contemporaries. Not less than its fine economy of means, not less than its subtle psychological insight, the human balance and breadth of "The Case for the Defendant" deserve our admiration.

To awaken, by the faithful presentation of some fragment of human action, a sense of the larger issues of existence, to arouse in the hearts of the beholders that feeling of unavoidable solidarity which "binds men to each other and all mankind to the visible world," is perhaps the chief function of imaginative literature. In this fashion "The Case for the Defendant" transcends at once romantic sentimentalism and morbid clinical curiosity. In the defiant lieutenant of cavalry and his bewildered young accuser the modern world stands trial. The need of Emil de la Roncière and Marie de Morell is our need; the failure of their world to comprehend them is ours also. A sense of our common predicament tempers grimly our compassion at their story.

Herr Aufricht-Ruda, one understands, is a young man, not yet thirty. His present work needs no justification from its promise; it can stand on its own solid distinction of achievement. But in the notable flowering of the German genius in the last decade, which has given us so much of merit and so much more of promise in nearly every department of literature, there is no name that this reviewer will follow with a more confident interest than that of the author of "The Case for the Defendant."



LAURENCE STERNE

One of the shapers of the changing English novel.
(*See page* 1070.)

A Diversified Cargo

AWAKE AND REHEARSE. By LOUIS BROMFIELD. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

OUT of their graves, Louis Bromfield calls his principal players to rehearse. The tired dead put on one last performance for the readers of the thirteen sketches that make up "Awake and Rehearse." There is death in all the stories, not dying as a slow process leading almost imperceptibly out of life, but death itself, sometimes, often, suitably enough, represented by a corpse or by the ashes of a corpse, but sometimes, less often, by bodies still quick, careless of quieting themselves when actual life is over.

These are stories, for the most part, of women. And what women! Hogarth and Daumier might have battled for them as models. These women—hags, harlots, spinsters, hoofers, jeunes filles, grandes dames, priestesses, and—Vergie Winters, have little enough in common save that for the tense moment of each one's story death has, in various ways and from various causes, become the central factor of life.

The quality which above all distinguishes these stories is one which, until the present volume, the author had scarcely made his own. Mr. Bromfield's novels have had a tendency to run—and how willingly we have run after them—all over, as it were, the lot. In "Awake and Rehearse" there is a sharpening of outlines, a tightening of situations, and a ruthless elimination of details. It is as if in the novel, where the boundary lines have always been fairly vague, Mr. Bromfield had removed them altogether, beginning where he pleased, ending where he pleased, and wandering in between at most elastic will, but that in the short story, where the pattern has always been more definitely set, he has insisted upon limiting and perfecting it still further, until each story must become a single, self-enclosing entity.

One of the best sketches in the collection is "Justice," the personal record of a juryman. The Judge speaks: "The Case of the People against Michael Rooney." In the beginning of the story this is merely a conventional judicial statement; by the end it has grown to be a bitter, destroying truth, unescapable. "Justice" is that rare thing, so difficult to approach temperately, a perfected part which contains, paradoxically, the whole, wherein, in a breath of time, in a chink of space, time and before time and the edges of space are gathered together through a delicate equilibrium of inclusion and exclusion. For while Michael Rooney is being tried and condemned something much more than this young man with pointed ears is brought to bar. The judge might have said: "The Case of Routine against Spontaneity," or, "The Case of Caution against Daring," or, "The Case of Society against the Individual," or a number of other things. But he does not. Nor does Mr. Bromfield make too emphatic any of these possibilities. He tells in the simplest way an ironical episode in which a young man is sentenced to a term in prison—and, incidentally, a spirit is condemned to extinction.

"Mr. Rosie and May" is written in the vernacular. ("Here's to Mr. Rosie and May! One more bastard the less!") Out of the barren reiterative talk of a group of vaudeville performers at half-mast, there emerge, in their meagre completeness, six living people and one dead man. ("Have another drink, it's varnish this time.") Forty-ninth Street, sodden with rain, and the room in the Eldorado Hotel, sodden with gin, are called up from the void without, as it seems, a word of description. ("Have another drink, it's a wet night.") Mr. Rosie's ashes may have gone to the East River or the North, depending on the sewage route from that part of town, but he will not be forgotten.

Not all the stories are as good as these. Some seem trivial and some tricky. But just after the facile shallowness of "The Letter of a Romantic" or the exquisitely done unimportance of "The Cat Who Lived at the Ritz," one comes upon the authentic horror of "The Apothecary," that tale of evil old marionettes, painted and creaking at their cacophonous revelry, being overtaken by the odor of death—the literal, nauseating odor of death. Strange, diversified cargo, this of "Awake and Rehearse," and foreign to the Bromfield of the "Green Bay Tree" series. Did he write these stories to confound his critics who have always called for stricter form, did he do them as an exercise in technique before another novel, did he do them to show certain contemporary authors that they can be beaten at their own game, or did he (can such things be) do them to please himself?

Frontier America

STONE DAUGHERTY. By JOHN P. FORT. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO

Author of "The House of Sun-Goes-Down"

WHAT three quarters of a century have done to James Fenimore Cooper may be observed in Mr. Fort's novel. So far as I am aware it is the first attempt since the Civil War—since the Southern humorists of the Big Bear school—to deal realistically with the American frontiersman of the log cabin species. Of the fantasies called historical romances an abundance have been devoted to this theme, in the 'seventies, the 'nineties, and our immediate decade. Biography touched it about the middle of the century, not, on the whole, for the better. With Charles Egbert Craddock and her imitators, a wistfully diluted realism, not to be confused with the reverie of historical novelists, hovered briefly above the material and then passed to the presumably safer ground of backwoods love-making and aspiration for free schools. In our time it has been thought inferior, for serious fiction, to the nervous impairments of farmers in the contemporary midwest.

Beyond question Mr. Fort, in constructing Stone Daugherty, frontiersman, and erecting round him the post-Revolutionary, west-of-the-mountains environment, has accomplished an imaginative re-creation of absolutely first-rate importance. This, precisely, is the forest frontier; and here precisely, in Daugherty and his daughter and his companions, are the Americans who passed over the Alleghanies. The three quarters of a century since Cooper and Simms and Brown (and two score smaller folk) dealt with that passage provide Mr. Fort with a tranquil ruthlessness of perception forbidden to the elders by romantic formulas, by standards of propriety, by timidity, and by sheer ignorance,—forbidden also to such later men as Howells and Eggleston by an unquestioned fashion of delicacy. When Daugherty scalps an Indian child, converses with a stranger about his daughter's virginity, warns

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her against the injudicious gift of it, forces his unwilling wife, gouges the eyes of an opponent in a fight, or sets out in obedience to some uncomprehended necessity of exacting blood tribute from the tribes that have all but destroyed his family—frontier America exists in fiction as it has seldom, or not at all, existed before. For these realizations, and for the steadiness with which such characters as the town lawyers and the less instinctive neighbors of Daugherty are realized, only unqualified superlatives are just. These elements of the book are—superb.

It is a greater pity, therefore, that Mr. Fort sees fit to bring the Concord strain into his novel. From one point of view, philosophical didacticism may be necessary to an American book, and if Mr. Fort's pantheistic interpolations were an obeisance to Emerson and Thoreau, or a satire of them, no fault could be urged. They are, however, merely an unfused element of his imaginings, a part of his vision of the frontier, one which he is unwilling to trust the novel proper to assert. His confidence in his re-creation is less than the reader's: he must explicitly make the metaphysical nexus which the novel is abundantly able to imply. So there is a constant obbligato of comment about Life, the literal blood-kinship of these frontiersmen to the lesser forest creatures, the web of existence, and other transcendental postulates from the neighborhood of Walden Pond. There is even a preface which attempts to show Stone Daugherty's relation to the cosmos. These are unnecessary, even deplorable, and Mr. Fort would have been better advised to omit them all. The fiction is completely imagined, and he could have trusted it.

Forlorn Women

POOR WOMEN. By NORA HOULT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IN another age the seven "Poor Women" whose stories are told in this book might have been named "Characters," and instead of being called Ethel, Alice, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Jocelyn, and the like, might have borne titles like "The Déclasée," "The Spinster," "The Prostitute," "The Poor Relation," etc. In other words, Norah Hoult belongs in the honorable company of La Bruyère and Addison, not to mention old Theophrastus. But between them and her there has intervened an era of unshackled, supernumerary women, an era in which women have become both self-conscious and self-revealing. And there has also intervened a technique—the technique developed by Proust, Joyce, and Virginia Woolf—which, had it been used by the seventeenth-century Frenchmen and the eighteenth-century Englishmen, would have turned their characters inside out.

This is merely to say that whereas La Bruyère, for example, wrote of women as a man looking through a cage, Norah Hoult knows them as one with herself, and whereas not only lack of knowledge but the traditions of his time (and of most times) would have prevented the masculine author of an earlier day from setting down frankly certain facts that he may have suspected, no such taboos exist at the present moment. Furthermore, although La Bruyère and Addison reveal to us all that one can see of a person—gestures, voice, dress, habitual actions—thereby trying to make us conscious of all that cannot be seen, the more modern method of a writer like Miss Hoult takes us directly into the thoughts and feelings of her subjects, however inarticulate and undemonstrative they may be, thereby giving them a subjective as well as an objective reality.

Neither method is concerned with types that are mere abstractions; both present us with keenly observed individuals who manage to sum up in themselves the lives of their class. It is surprising to find this quality of universality in a young author's first book. It is equally surprising to find oneself held fast by the stories of a new writer who relies neither on plot nor on the surprise ending for her effects. Miss Hoult's seven women achieve visibility because she combines a penetrating knowledge of human nature with the forthrightness of fresh seeing and with the smoothness of competent craftsmanship. She concentrates upon a few episodes—not necessarily very dramatic episodes—probes them with delicate, accurate fingers, and presently we know not only a single person—Bridget Kiernan fumbling through her work as she wonders whether she is going to have a baby—but a whole group of individuals—all those nagged, lonely, incompetent, vindictive, superstitious, Irish servants who work with alien wits and spirits in the households of uncomprehending mistresses.

Miss Hoult's poor women are not all servants, but in one sense or another they are all slaves. They might better perhaps have been termed "lonely women" or even "forlorn women." For want of that sense of permanence which marriage and a home of their own might have given them, they seek romance and adventure, only to find the cheap and accessible forms unsatisfying, or they reach out for charity, more or less defiling themselves in the process. Not one of them but is economically fettered; most of them are more fundamentally fettered as well.

Fortunately, it is not necessary for a full appreciation of the book—despite the author's comment and the publishers' prizes—to argue whether these particular women prove any contention about women in general, whether they are enslaved and dependent because they are women or because they are poor specimens of humanity. After all, a cast-off wife, a dull girl hungry for romance, an exalted spinster edging after forbidden adventure, a deserted mistress, a prostitute who is ill and no longer young, a needy gentlewomen, and a wistful household drudge hardly constitute a representative group of women. And one has only to translate Miss Hoult's women into mean-souled, sensual husbands, spiritually starved adolescents, frowsy bachelors, betrayed lovers, worn-out roués, ineffectual old gentlemen deprived of their independence, and witless, homesick serving-boys, to realize how successfully she might herself have modelled the reverse as well as the obverse of her medals. The stories need no generalizing comment to make them valid, and, like Rodin's sculptures with their titles *trouvés après coup*, are best judged apart from explanatory syntheses. The author wished to fashion people who were real to her in such a way as to make them real to us. Because she felt them as well as saw them, because her observation was both telescopic and microscopic, and because she was able to present what she saw and felt with detachment, she has admirably fulfilled her wish. A full-length novel by Miss Hoult should be an important event.

The Story of a Night

THROUGH THE LATTICE. By EVELYNE CLOSE. New York: Ray D. Henkle Co. 1929. $2.

THIS is the story of a night. A strange night with natural and human forces at war with each other and at war between themselves. Evelyne Close has achieved a tenseness out of wind and water, love and hate, that lends to her novel a threatening, foreboding quality, giving to the least happening the dark significance of an omen.

This is also the story of a place. A narrow strip of English soil, hung over on one side by the mountain Scaur, and cut through by the noisy burn running from peat-land a little way into more fertile plains. The gloomy, brooding Scaur that never sleeps, that never smiles, though sometimes it rocks with evil, boisterous laughter, dominates this story of a night when the elements get loose. The hurried stream and the harsh-scented peat-land play as important a part as do Old Rigg who would decide for youth, or Widow Strange who waited at the window to see her son rise from the grave, or any of the other strange, taut people of "Through the Lattice."

The story is tight with emotional urgency. The time of the action is too short to admit of actual plot, but the complexity of the relationships and feelings, the constant sharp response to primal stimulus, bind the novel into a striking unity. Dealing with so many characters in such narrow quarters and so pressed upon by time, it is perhaps inevitable that the author should occasionally seem to hurry one character off the scene to make way for another, or seem to rearrange a property here and there after the curtain has risen. But these are very minor defects and are lost sight of in the strong current of a far from usual novel.

The Appellate Division upheld recently the decision of the lower courts dismissing the suits brought by Wayne Damron of Catlettsburg, Ky., against Edna Ferber and Doubleday, Doran Book Shops, Inc., because his name was used in Miss Ferber's novel, "Show Boat," without his permission.

One to Watch

EARTHBOUND and Other Poems. By HELENE MULLINS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

FOR the last five or six years, readers of F. P. A.'s Conning Tower have noticed the regularity with which Helene Mullins appeared in that curiously mixed column. She was, in a sense, the most stable thing in it; her verses were always serious, always well made, always lyrical—and they appeared on the average of once a week. No collection of these was procurable although one saw the poems clipped and quoted. Nor was Helene Mullins unknown to the book-world. In collaboration with her sister, she had published a curious novel ("Paulus Fy") and a limited volume had been announced a year ago.

Yet this is Helene Mullins's first book of verse—and a surprisingly slender one, considering the actual amount of her previously printed lines. What are the first impressions? What are the chief characteristics? What is the final quality? The last question is the hardest to answer since the responses to the first two are so mixed. Readers of the bulk of her newspaper contributions will be quick to see the self-criticism which has led her to cut and prune to the uttermost. They will be equally quick to realize that, though Miss Mullins has sacrificed size for substance, she has not lost her almost infinite variety. She is, obviously, one of the most facile of contemporary poets; there is evidently nothing she cannot do. From a free lyric to the tightest of fixed forms she ranges with point and precision; she is at home, self-contained and self-expressing, in the rondeau, the ballade, the chant royal. She has even written a sestina, which is not choked to death by its constricting repetitions.

More interesting than her dexterity is the range and surety of her themes. Here again the craftsman and the natural singer join hands—and voices. There is something lavish in the way her gamut is presented; she does not appear to seek her themes, they come to her. Within the first twenty-five pages, she celebrates quiet men, a child's dream of growing up, a self-ironic comment on the poet resolving to become a member of society, the strangeness of human contacts, the shadow-fighting waged constantly by the oversensitive, an Irish evocation of an old singer making "obeisance to the days that brought the proud flesh low," a villanelle of a young martyr, the mystical marriage of St. Teresa. Each of these is eminently quotable, each reflects a distinct point of view. It is, moreover, curious, how Miss Mullins's work improves between covers. What seemed merely smooth is given force; a sense of personality integrates and intensifies verses which, in themselves, are only verses. By the time one has reached the title-poem, the reader has been won over to what, beneath the ease and fluency, is a high seriousness.

Titles have little to say for themselves, yet there is something to remember in "The Death of an Advertising Manager," "Let it be done simply," "Irony to the Ironical," "After Lazarus," "One of Solomon's Wives." The prevailing note is one of tenderness; the pitch is given in the first poem which begins:

> This is a song of quiet men
> Who live secure in sheltered places,
> Who build and fail and build again,
> And cultivate the little graces.
> I know of other men than these,
> Who battle with the elements,
> Who tear the skin from hands and knees,
> Seeking their heavens through violence.

As the book unfolds, the note goes deeper; "Meeting in Spring" establishes, with a Robinsonian gravity, the vague finality of grief. What one misses is the sudden rush of color and image, a new sound, if not fury. One is never surprised by a daring metaphor; Miss Mullins's fancy progresses but it does not leap. She is content to let the theme develop with practically no ornament; she delights in harmony but rarely employs counterpoint. Certain of her lines betray a psychological bent, a harking back to sources too devious for verse. There are hints of autobiography; one speculates whether or not Miss Mullins will attempt a large though possibly more prosaic canvas. But whether she extends or shrinks her gamut, whether her medium is poetry or prose, here is distinctly one to watch.

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Marx and Marxianism

KARL MARX: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By OTTO RÜHLE. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN SPARGO

TWENTY years ago I wrote and published "Karl Marx: His Life and Works." It was not, and did not purport to be, an exhaustive or definitive biography of Marx. Even if I had been bold enough to undertake such an ambitious enterprise as that, the dearth of accessible material was too great. My purpose was a much more modest one. It was to present a sympathetic portrait sketch of the man and to weave around it, so to speak, a fairly lucid and understandable exposition of his theories, the great synthesis of philosophical and sociological generalizations called Marxism. The book, which was the first biography of Marx, was translated into several languages, and, curiously enough, has lived longest in Russia, if I am to judge by the fact that it was republished a year or so ago by the literary bureau of the Soviet government.

Owing in part to the dearth of available material, in part also to my very limited knowledge of German, and the inevitable slips due to dependence upon English and French translations of much documentary material, my account of Marx's life, and particularly of his mental evolution, was disfigured by errors which were perhaps not altogether inexcusable, but none the less regrettable for that. The most serious of these errors were corrected in the German translation, but the occasion for a comprehensive revision of the English text never arose. Not in extenuation of my own deficiencies as a biographer, but simply as a statement of fact, I may perhaps be permitted to say here that practically every error of importance passed undetected under the eyes of Marx's daughter, Laura, and her husband, Paul Lafargue. Twenty years ago, be it remembered, the available material in German, even, was much less than it has since become.

Apart from errors, important and otherwise, the chief defect of my book was the idealization of the portrait. For this I offer no defense or excuse. By way of explanation, however, it may be permissible to say that my principal concern was to present Marx's theories to a hostile and unbelieving world in such manner as to win for them toleration, respect, and as much friendliness as possible. The biographical motive was quite secondary. To a world which had regarded Marx as something of an ogre, the personification of hatred and destructive passion, I presented the picture of a more sympathetic and lovable personality, and in the friendlier atmosphere so created, I tried to set against the background of that picture a statement of Marxism which would command interest because of the picture. Whether that was good psychology or sound art I do not now pause to ask myself. This is a new world.

* * *

Under the exact title of my almost forgotten study, and following structural lines quite similar to it, Otto Rühle, a prominent Social Democrat of Germany, has produced a much better book. So much let me say quite frankly and without reservation. Although he complains of the scarcity of biographical materials, it is quite evident that he has had a much ampler store to draw from than those of us who preceded him by twenty years or more. His portrait is less sketchy, sharper and clearer in detail, better drawn and more credible. Moreover, it has been his good fortune to work in a better light, so to speak. His writing of Marx's life has been done in the post-war period, after that development of capitalism which Bernstein and others saw beginning twenty years ago and upon which they based their revisionist campaign. That development of capitalism has shattered the romanticism of the Marxism of the last generation. It is no longer possible for a sane and candid mind to accept the dogma of Marxian infallibility. There is hardly an important sociological or economic generalization formulated by Marx which stands today and holds the credence of intelligent minds. Marxism has come to mean something quite different from what it meant to Marxists of my day. To Rühle it does not mean a synthesis of social and economic theory, more or less vaguely linked to a practical policy, but simply a psychological force, namely, a sense of power and destiny diffused through the proletariat. That is what Marxism meant to Lenin likewise. It is a "myth," in the sense of Sorel.

Intellectual Marxism, the elaborate theoretical system of what we used to call "scientific socialism," has been shattered beyond repair. That does not matter to Rühle: it is a fact of no material consequence. He is both frank and specific as to this:

> It does not matter whether we regard Marxism as an eternal truth, or as a temporarily valid fiction: whether the system is consequential and coherent in all its details; or whether it contains gaps, contradictions, and untenable theses: whether the theory of the imminent collapse of capitalism complies with the demands of scientific method, or has merely the restricted value of a fascinating apotheosis.

Presumably the author wrote "fascinating hypothesis." So read, the passage is both lucid and illuminating. The catastrophe which has befallen the theoretical system is of no consequence. Marxism has triumphed, nevertheless, for by Marxism Rühle means something quite apart from theory and intellectual categories, namely, the cult of the historic rôle of the proletariat.

> Marxism being primarily called upon to stir up the proletarian masses, to make them collect their forces, and to lead them on to the battlefield, must necessarily present itself at the outset in a guise which would encourage optimism; in a guise which, by representing historical evolution as the guarantee of the liberation of mankind, would make the workers believe in their own mission.

This mystical force, not the philosophical and economic theories so laboriously evolved and presented in such tortuous phraseology, is Marxism as Rühle sees it. Perhaps it would be better to qualify that statement somewhat and say that this is classic Marxism, the simple Marxism of the era antedating the World War. Now, having achieved its purpose, this classic Marxism yields to "a transformed Marxism," to "a profounder Marxism," which, specifically, turns from the mechanistic view of the materialistic conception of history, the mechanism of things as the essential and dominant factor of evolution, to the activities of human beings. This "transformed Marxism" is, in truth, the polar opposite of the older Marxism which had for its credo the theories of Marx. So we find the new Marxism recurring to the ideas and methods of the utopists whom Marx derided, as, for example, in Russia. So we have Lenin, in the name of Marxism, and as its foremost champion, advocating ideas and policies the very antithesis of Marx's teaching.

* * *

In his discussion of Marxian theory, Rühle is not at his best from the point of view of literary craftsmanship. His style here is heavy and at times dull. He is at his best when he is dissecting and portraying the character of Marx. Accustomed as we have become to what is popularly known as "debunking biography," there is something startling in the brutal frankness of his portraiture. The figure upon his canvas is as unattractive and lacking in every noble and generous trait as any in literature. From it I turned to my own sketch of twenty years ago and reread it, for the first time in many years. The contrast is stupendous. My idealized sketch presented a man of heroic quality, not without blemishes of character and temperament, but having the defects of his qualities. Rühle has made my sketch, together with Liebknecht's and all others of our period, appear pathetic in their romantic idealization. He shows us a Marx whose vanity was overwhelming, who was for the greater part of his life a whining weakling, sponging upon his friends, who was too selfish to be capable of sacrifice for "cause" or friends or family, who was capable of cowardly dishonor to gain petty ends.

He suffered all through his life, from youth onwards, from an inferiority complex arising out of his Jewish descent, Rühle insists over and over again. Here was the secret of his arrogance, his inability to get along with men upon terms of equality. He had to be worshipped, admired, flattered, and was happy only with inferiors who so treated him and abjected themselves before him. Here, too, was the secret of those splenetic outbursts against the Jews in which he engaged.

> Marx denounces the Jews as prototypes of the commercial spirit and of a monetary economy; he makes Judaism the symbol of bloodsucking capitalism. The reader cannot escape the feeling that he is ostentatiously showing his opposition to Judaism, is demonstratively severing himself from his own race, and by emphasizing his own anti-capitalist tendencies is declaring himself before all the world not to be a Jew.

The ill-health from which he suffered during most of his life was another cause of the sense of inferiority which dominated his character and temperament.

He suffered from disordered metabolism. He had liver trouble during most of his adult life, and he was haunted by a fear of cancer of the liver. Closely associated with his liver trouble was weakness of the digestive apparatus, a disorder of the whole gastro-intestinal tract. He had no capacity for self-discipline and would not observe his doctor's orders or be guided by commonsense in his diet. He was self-indulgent to the last limit. With his family starving, and every pawnable thing in pawn, he would spend days and weeks in the British Museum reading and enjoying the warmth. He could have had work writing articles, but he was too indolent and preferred to depend upon Engels to support him. Engels could write the articles and pass the money received for them on to Marx to keep a roof over him and his family.

Rühle's book is an important contribution to its subject. Possibly his psychograph of the man is too stark and harsh, just as mine and others of a generation ago were too sentimental and saccharine. It is, however, an unforgettable portrait. The book is copiously illustrated. Of the thirty-five plates, all but one are from my own book of the same title.

Mathematical Sciences

THE BASES OF MODERN SCIENCE. By J. W. N. SULLIVAN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE
Barnard College

THIS is an extremely good summary of the mathematical bases of modern science and should have had that more restricted title, although it is presented with an almost too complete omission of mathematical language. The experimental aspects of modern scientific development are hardly touched upon, which is the more disappointing because in the one or two cases in which the author does deign to describe the laboratory achievements he does it with the same accuracy and vividness that characterize his treatment of the more abstract and methodological subjects.

The only real defect of the volume seems to lie in its over-emphasis upon the purely esthetic and arbitrary element in the enterprise of mathematical physics. The author tends to belittle Galileo's enthusiasm for experimental verification, and he fails to take account of the fact that the hypothetical form in which Copernicus presented his theory was dictated in no small measure by a wholesome fear of clerical persecution. From a reading of the book one would get no conception of the fact that the attempt to describe the experience of the physical world materialistically as the result of a system of mechanically interacting particles was not only an esthetic *jeu d'esprit* of mathematicians for mathematicians, but a tremendously fruitful method of submitting to experimental tests problems which under the older medieval categories of teleology could hardly have been dealt with at all.

Despite this defect which the reviewer feels rather keenly, Mr. Sullivan's book stands as one of the best of the primer histories of science. Its style is simple, clear, and spirited; and it offers to the lay reader an authoritative narration of the outstanding achievements in mathematical physics from Copernicus and Galileo down to Einstein, Eddington, and Planck.

Scrapping the Past

(*Continued from page* 1063)

to brittle, flippant, quick changing things, to characters that are sharp, hard, and flat, like the movies, and to a style that tickles the latest moment of time.

This is why fiction has become so autobiographical. We substitute life for literature as our study, and out of the machine come our own experiences dressed up a bit, for that is all we know how to understand. The old question used to be, should prospective writers go to college. We have got beyond even that inanity. Now the question is, should they be educated at all?

The answer lies in the results which are being published weekly. Even in the better books, even in some of the best, the horrid results of a defective education are manifest. In a list of nine important —perhaps the nine most important—American examples of the art of fiction since 1920, six, on due consideration, proved to be partly illiterate in the technique of literature, and even where they showed creative strength and knowledge of life, were weakened by what was clearly the defective education of their authors. This is a bad showing, which means waste of effort, and ambitions warped in the realizing.

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The Changing Novel

THE general reader is becoming aware that something is happening to the novel, and not only something from the outside, but something from the inside as well —that is, something in its technique and content. What is affecting the novel from the outside—the external influences—is also affecting all literature, but it happens that for various reasons it is the novel that is most affected and which is lastingly affected. It seems to me impossible that the novel can ever be again what it once was—the monopolizer of the greater part of all literary energy. From the time it was invented it became a popular form with readers and writers. It is, on the whole, a modern form; it can hardly be said to have existed in the antique world. What has come down to us under the heading of story-telling is in various forms: in the form of poetry we have it in the epic like the Odyssey; we have it in narrative poetry like the Metamorphoses of Ovid; in a work like that of Petronius Arbiter, which is in some ways quite like the modern novel. However, the greater part of the talent for story-telling and character-revelation went into histories and annals and studies—that is, it went into writings on wars and revolutions and events that actually happened, such as we have in the work of Livy and Heroditus, or into studies of people who actually existed, such as we have in the work of Plutarch.

It can be easily imagined that the flood-gates of human invention were somewhat dammed up until the writing of imaginary histories of imaginary people gave an outlet to all those ramifications of imagination, emotion, and psychologizing that go into the modern novel. The invention of the novel was a Godsend to both readers and writers; it could give the readers so many different forms of delight in addition to that most widely experienced of all esthetic delights—the delight in a story; it could give the writer a chance to use practically any sort of literary energy he possessed. He could use character-invention, narrative-invention, plot-invention; he could use a gift for psychologizing or a gift for philosophizing; he could use a poetical gift, and he could use a gift for writing beautiful and subtle prose. It did really seem as if its popularity with both readers and writers would last forever. But now we are all aware that whereas a few years ago a best-seller was invariably a novel, now it is just as likely to be a biography or a book on philosophy, or on the art of thinking, or a book on psychology. In view of this trend it is in order to consider some of the things that are happening in literature.

A very powerful influence acting on contemporary literature is the decay of religion and the consequent transference to literature of part of the demand that used to be made on religion. Literature and art between them used to satisfy the ordinary man's desire for a pattern in living, but even where religion is not actually discarded it has tremendously lost its hold. "The discarding of Christianity is not a forward step, but a backward step," says Dr. C. J. Jung, one of the founders of psycho-analysis, "it is, as with individuals who have laid aside one form of transference and have no new one." We have a state of affairs, therefore, in which the demands that used to be made on religion are transferred to other things, and there is a stronger tendency than before to look to literature for spiritual sustenance. The literature of pure entertainment has not the appeal it used to have, whereas any sort of book that can give any sort of spiritual support or reveal any sort of wisdom is eagerly bought up. Any kind of philosophy that conveys instruction on the management of life is avidly sought after, for the world, having so largely dropped religion, finds that it cannot get on without a spiritual élite—that is, without a class who will tell the others how to live their lives. And humanity, on the whole, is not going to worry itself as to whether this spiritual élite belongs to the order of true or false prophets. All that humanity is going to ask is that the élite be powerful and assured enough to help. Unamuno and Bernarr McFadden, Bertrand Russell and Aimee MacPherson, Krishnamurti and Rasputin, are equally important as dispensers of wisdom according to their audience. Therefore, because of this transference of demand from religion to literature, the most popular and entertaining novel, as we can readily understand, is going to find itself in competition with works entitled, "How to Understand Ourselves," "Understanding Human Nature," "How to Manage Our Lives," "Why We Misbehave," and so on.

In this connection, the rapidly increasing influence of doctors is one of the phenomena of the present century. From being medicine-men of the body, they are gradually ousting priests as medicine-men of the soul. To be sure, it is only fair that they should have to share with artists and philosophers some of the burdens that have been transferred from religion, for good doctors are amongst the best and wisest of men. But one cannot but view with alarm those members of the profession, often young or very inexperienced, who, armed with half-understood theories of psychology and the new, half-developed discoveries in psychiatry, launch themselves in soul-curing, in instructions on the love-life, in advice in the choice of a career and the age to marry, the education of children, and even in criticism of art and literature. Some of these medicine-men and soul-curers have an outfit for bamboozlement that no mere priest or literary man or philosopher would dare to assume before a public.

In discussions of the new art and literature one hears it sometimes said that we are returning to the classical ideal. This, as far as literature is concerned, I believe to be a complete illusion. But what is actually happening is probably far more exciting. In addition to the fact that we are making on literature the new demands which I have discussed already, there is the striking fact that we are eliminating from our demands on literature many of the things the Greeks eliminated, but which our fathers and grandfathers demanded. We are eliminating a good deal of that demand on art for excitements, for ecstasies of the senses, spiritual and emotional intoxications, flights from reality—all of which our great-grandfathers got from the poetry of Byron and Keats and Shelley, and our grandfathers from the poetry of Tennyson and Swinburne. We are getting to the point of desiring the elimination of these things from our literature for the same reason that the Greeks eliminated them from their classical literature—because they got these delights in other ways and not because they had eliminated the desire for such delights from themselves.

One would imagine from some of the references in current criticism that the Greeks represented a sort of liberal wing of Puritanism, and that the Nicomachean Ethics was a sort of Sunday school treatise. This certainly is the impression one gets from the more dismal and pedagogic of our contemporary "humanists." When Thomas Aquinas said, "No one can live without delight," the beautiful, ecstatic language was his own, but the idea he took from the Nicomachean Ethics, for the Greeks, like all intelligent human beings, pursued delight. Because they were a nation of artists, they pursued delight with a disciplined balance of their faculties; they did not allow the pursuit of spiritual delights to sterilize and wither up physical delights, as was done in portions of the Christian era, nor did they allow the pursuit of carnal delights to stultify their minds and souls as has been done at other periods, and which is, perhaps, being done now. All mankind in every age has desired delight, and it might be a very interesting duty, not only of literary criticism, but of psychology, to find out in what pursuits men divided up their demands for the various kinds of delight, to find out what kinds, at any time, they demanded from art and literature, and what kinds they demanded from life.

When our grandfathers desired to read the very latest and most advanced poetry, they read the following:

> Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
> Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.
> Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
> Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown evejar.
> Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting:
> So were it with me if forgetting could be willed.
> Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,
> Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled.

or,—

> O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
> Why wilt thou fly after spring to the south,
> The soft south whither thy heart is set?
> Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
> Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth?
> Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

or,—

> Come, my friends,
> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
> Push off, and sitting well in order smite
> The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die.
> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

When we wish to read the very latest and most advanced poetry—the poetry "that meets the new desire," we read:

> April is the cruelest month, breeding
> Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
> Memory and desire, stirring
> Dull roots with spring rain.
> Winter kept us warm, covering
> Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
> A little life with dried tubers.

or,—

> Performances, assortments, resumés—
> Up Times Square to Columbus Circle lights
> Channel the congresses, nightly sessions,
> Refractions of the thousand theatres, faces—
> Mysterious kitchens. . . . You shall search them all.
> Someday by heart you'll learn each famous sight
> And watch the curtain lift in hell's despite;
> You'll find the garden in the third act dead,
> Finger your knees—and wish yourself in bed
> With tabloid crime-sheets perched in easy sight.

or,—

> All the complicated details
> of the attiring and
> the disattiring are completed!
> A liquid moon
> moves gently among
> the long branches.
> Thus having prepared their buds
> against a sure winter,
> the wise trees
> stand sleeping in the cold.

It is clear from the first set of the above quotations that our grandfathers sought and got intoxication from their poetry, that intoxication that Professor Babbitt derides. No one can blame him for this: he is fundamentally a philosopher and not a literary critic, and it is frequently the business of philosophy to try to abolish those things that are amongst the stock-in-trade of the artist and the literary critic. If it is clear that our grandfathers got intoxication from their poetry, it is equally clear from the second set of quotations that our advanced poetry does not go in for intoxicating us, and it is clear also that this is not because we have not the same desires and emotions our grandfathers had, but because we desire a different sort of satisfaction for them. Man has always the same desires, the same intellectual, physical, and emotional energies, and his psychological history is nothing more than the history of the distribution of these desires and these energies and of his methods of satisfying them. Roughly speaking, if he intoxicates himself with life, with pleasure, or with wine, he will not want his art or literature or music to be intoxicating. If the world around him is undisciplined, he is very likely to demand high discipline from his art. A consideration of the way human energies are distributed and human desires satisfied would do a good deal, but not everything, towards accounting for the kind of art produced at any time. Our grandfathers demanded visionary and sensuous and inebriating poetry, but on the other hand, the delight they desired from love had a sort of transcendental and unsensual passion very different from the sort of love we find in our day expounded and recommended everywhere, in books on psychology and physical culture, in poetry and in fiction. We, it would seem, have merely transferred our delight.

Nevertheless, as far as our demands on poetry are concerned, there is something so constant in what we ask of it, that when fashions change we have every

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by Mary M. Colum

reason to suspect that the old will come back again. The great poet who comes to grips with life through his emotions will always have it over the poet who comes to grips with life through his nerves, which is the manner of so much contemporary poetry, and indeed, contemporary literature of all kinds. If a poet of the caliber and language of the great Victorians quoted above were to appear, I think there is reason for believing he could write as they did and be equally sure of bringing his readers with him. But when we turn to the novel we have a different story altogether, for it can never be the same again. Blows have been struck at it from all sides, and the novelist has lost large territories to the psychologist, to the scientist, to the historian, to the biographer, and even to the poet. No revolution of time, no change of fashion, will bring back to us novels like "The Mill on the Floss," or "Bleak House," or "Far from the Madding Crowd." The novel has forever changed. People no longer have to go to it to experience that ordinary esthetic delight—delight in a story; they can go to a movie and get the story more easily, more picturesquely, and more excitingly. As a means of learning about character and modes of life outside our experience, we need no longer go to the imaginary history of imaginary people—we can go to the new biographies; as a means of learning what goes on in other peoples' minds, the novel is not nearly so sure to enlighten us as a popular treatise on psychology. At no very distant date, when scientific psychology had almost no relation to life, writers, and particularly novelists, were our best practical psychologists. But the novelist is no longer in that position, for he has not succeeded in keeping pace with the new psychological discoveries, and the average novel is consequently out of date in its psychology. The whole of that intricate creature that is man has never been expressed in literature, and it is doubtful if he ever will be, but all that has been discovered about him has not yet been expressed in the novel despite the strides that have been made in the art of psychological revelation by Joyce and Proust and other contemporary novelists.

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If external occurrences, such as the invention of the moving picture, new psychological and scientific discoveries, affected the novel from the outside, there were effects equally drastic from the inside. That "stream of consciousness" which William James described forty years ago so vividly in his "Psychology" found its most revolutionary representation in literature in the form of the interior monologue. Artists have always been engaged in trying to pull down little pieces of the wall that block up the way between human experiences and their correct expression in art. But with the invention of the interior monologue there crumbled down such a large piece of the wall that it played havoc with the old-fashioned form and technique of the novel.

Now, the interesting thing about the interior monologue is that it is not, as we find often stated, a contemporary invention, but that it came into the novel about the same time that William James, as a psychologist, was setting himself to explain that subjective life of the mind which he called "the stream of consciousness." The interior monologue came recognizably into the novel in a work called "Les Lauriers Sont Coupés," published in 1886, and written by Edouard Emile Dujardin, a French novelist who is still living. This novel was almost forgotten until James Joyce publicly began to acknowledge his indebtedness to it, when a new edition was brought out and the half-forgotten author brought back to the notice of critics, if not to the notice of the public. "Les Lauriers Sont Coupés" is not in itself a novel of any great distinction, but the author, famous in George Moore's Parisian days, had the merit of introducing into literature a new and powerful implement for revealing character—a futile implement, however, unless in the hands of a master. There is no doubt that if Joyce did not invent it, as he is so often described as doing, he is so far the one incomparable master of it, and with its help he succeeded in giving the character of Leopold Bloom a sort of actuality hitherto unknown in literature. What might be described as a version of the interior monologue is also coming into drama and has been used with some success by Eugene O'Neill in his "Strange Interlude." Another innovation used by Joyce had very striking results: this was the observance in the novel of the Aristotelian unities which had been the fundamental of classical drama. Joyce made his huge novel, "Ulysses," conform to the three unities of time, place, and action. It was, perhaps, no great feat to make a novel conform to the unities of place and action, but he actually succeeded in confining the time in which everything in the seven hundred and thirty-two pages of "Ulysses" takes place to a "single revolution of the sun," to quote Aristotle's own phrase. This has been done in a less significant way since by other writers, and it is interesting to note that the observance of the unities by these contemporary writers does actually give what the old writers claimed for them—extreme verisimilitude.

The whole contemporary trend in literature is towards a new presentation of reality, for the old forms, the old patterns of character and incident, are not shaped so as to contain our contemporary feelings for life. This accounts largely for the great interest in any book which deals with a character who once lived, or with events which actually took place, and it seems as if not enough biographies or autobiographies or histories were available to satisfy our thirst for reality and actuality. This accounts also, to some extent, for the interest in novels and poems written around historical and traditional characters, to which class belong the narrative poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson and Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body," and a whole horde of novels like the novels of John Erskine, like Louis Untermeyer's "Moses," and like "My First Two Thousand Years," by Viereck and Eldridge, an autobiography of the Wandering Jew. But novels such as these, with their presentation of people that belong to the world's wonders, represent also a reaction against the novels about ordinary people in ordinary situations, of which we have had a deluge since H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett taught the writing profession the secret of how they could be done but kept to themselves the secret of how they could be made exciting.

Ordinary people in ordinary situations, no matter how little they may like to hear it, are rarely the stuff of literature; ordinary people in extraordinary situations are a different matter, and it is this combination which is indeed the real material for great novels, and is the combination which nearly every great novelist has used: it is equally the combination in "Madame Bovary" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." People want the wonderful of some kind in literature, whether it is the wonderful in ideas, in character, in incident, or in technique, and what people want in the non-material as in the material world, they will always largely get. For too long the novel has been the refuge in literature of every commonplace mind that felt an urge to write. The problem now before every real artist is to make some advance in the technique of the novel that will sincerely express his own reality, for the old technique has become worn out. The struggle to keep the novel an interesting literary form will be much more arduous than most writers seem inclined to believe.

The foregoing article is to appear in a volume of essays by Mrs. Colum shortly to be brought out in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons. Its author is one of the most searching and brilliant critics of contemporary literature. She is a contributor to numerous journals both in this country and England, her work having frequently appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

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Above the Machine

THE TRIUMPHANT MACHINE: A Study of Machine Civilization. By R. M. Fox. London: Leonard and Virginia Woolf. 1928.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. BEARD

AMID the stream of books on machine civilization here at last is one by a man who has spent many years as an apprentice and journeyman in engineering workshops. Mr. Fox is no arm-chair theorist who looks at the factory from a safe distance, singing its praises or condemning it in his imagination; he has spent many laborious days amid the grime and noise of industry. It is out of a background rich in experience that he presents a worker's reaction to the machine process. Hence the special value of his little book.

Possessing no Chestertonian delusions nourished in a soft seat under a mellow electric light, Mr. Fox believes that it is futile to join in the clamor for a restoration of the handicrafts; the machine is here to stay. As children of the transition period we are merely undergoing the pangs and agonies of a radical change from the old to the new. Beauty is being hidden by slums and smoke. Religion is giving way to cheap movies. The worker is being forced into a mold by Taylor systems, by time and motion studies, by interference with his modes of living at home. Mr. Fox knows only too vididly most of the bill of indictment brought against the "blessings of modern civilization." And he presents it with force and feeling.

But instead of crying out for a return to the "blessing of the Middle Ages," Mr. Fox offers suggestions for dealing with things as they are and will be. What we need, he argues, is a humanization of machine technique, not a mechanization of human beings. And this does not mean just a little "brightening up" of life for the worker merely because it pays employers in terms of production. It means abandoning the idea that workers should be treated as standardized parts in a Taylor system and the substitution of a sound industrial psychology which recognizes that they have faults, feelings, and individualities. The depressing ugliness that surrounds industry can and should be relieved by more consideration for esthetic interests. Rotation of jobs, vocational training and guidance, and a share in the management of plants would help to remove from routine the sting of slavery, raising workers into the realm of liberty inhabited by masters. In short by taking more thought about the machine process from the point of view of workers as human beings, the very nature of the process may be changed for the better.

And literature and drama feel the impact; the feeling of unrest in modern industry already surges up into them. The cringing gardener and the cap-fumbling workman of the old novel no longer appear on the side to fetch and carry for the main characters; in the new industrial literature flashes the raw, harsh struggle for existence, with the worker at the very center of things. Powerful reality rather than nicety of language or the frivolity of intellectual boredom makes its way into the modern novel; Zola yet lives! For the new "machine drama" with pulleys, belt, and engines, Mr. Fox has nothing but caustic comment; the worker who tinkers about all day with boilers and pipes or watches the lightning thrust of the shuttle does not want to spend his evenings watching bio-mechanical gestures on the stage. It is relief that he wants, relief in dramas that portray human personality greater than the machine. In a word, not by retreat, not by surrender, not by worship will mankind reach freedom, but by putting humanity first and rising above the machine. At last we seem to be coming into clearer air and we are indebted to Mr. Fox for an important book at the right time—a book that must not be missed by students of "we-are-on-our-way."

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Books of Special Interest

An Eighteenth Century Mind

EDMUND GIBSON, Bishop of London, 1669-1748: A Study in Politics and Religion in the Eighteenth Century. By NORMAN SYKES. New York: Oxford University Press. $7.

Reviewed by WILLARD H. DURHAM

"THE Danger of Being Righteous Over Much," by the Reverend Doctor Trapp, was a treatise much admired in certain quarters during the early years of the eighteenth century. This peril seems scarcely that which the subjects of Queen Anne had most to fear. The curious sects of the seventeenth century which were given to excesses of individualistic, emotional religion —to what the eighteenth century called "enthusiasm"—were all but extinct, and manifestations of this "enthusiasm" were not again to be more than sporadic in England. But, in a sense other than that which Dr. Trapp attached to the word, righteousness was a danger, then as ever, a danger which the career of Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London from 1723 to 1748, illustrates.

Mr. Norman Sykes has written a careful, accurate, temperate account of "a Prelate, energetic and reformed, who was at the same time an active partner in the affairs of State, and who has left an abiding memorial of himself in the study of modern history in the Universities," whose importance lay "in his efforts to bind the clergy by ties of material interest to the cause of the Hanoverian dynasty," whose policy was "governed entirely by this problem of reconciling the clergy to the new dynasty," who was "a determined opponent of the Latitudinarian clergy," and who was driven to oppose the Wesleys only by their persistent determination to be opposed. Gibson's relation to the Church in the Plantations (Jamaica and Virginia being thus conveniently united) was as sensible as his relation to Methodism and equally ineffectual.

There are sentences in Mr. Sykes's narrative which seem at first unconsciously ironic. "After the fashion of the times, Gibson also established a Religious Society in his parish consisting of sixteen members, whom he succeeded in keeping loyal to the Protestant Succession and free from the taint of Jacobitism." We are told of the "scandals of the promotion of unworthy clergymen" to which Gibson determined to "put an end" and learn that the unworthiness consisted in their voting against the Whigs. This would suggest that he put loyalty to Walpole above loyalty to God but he did not. "A convinced adherence to the creed and constitution of the Church as the indispensable qualification of preferment" was even more necessary than "loyalty to the Administration." Of the two Administrators God remained the more important, but loyalty to both found ample expression in conformity to the established order.

It may be unfair to infer that this attitude seems as adequate and commendable to Mr. Sykes as it seemed to Bishop Gibson. But, although Mr. Sykes's sub-title reads "A Study in . . . Religion in the Eighteenth Century," he manifests no interest in the problems which such an attitude presents. Mr. Sykes is a biographer of the old school; he presents the facts of record, not their unrecorded implications. He is interested in Bishop Gibson's efforts to suppress "immorality," but he assumes as a fact needing no discussion that the Bishop's morality was moral.

But it is precisely in the Bishop's conceptions of morality and righteousness that many students of the eighteenth century will find his real significance for the historian. In the belief that loyalty to Church and State as then constituted was the essence of righteousness and that of such righteousness there could not be overmuch, lies, perhaps, a partial explanation of why this period was what it was—of its characteristic strength and of its characteristic weakness. The favorite commonplace about the Age of Anne and the first Georges is that it was an age of reason. But an examination of the life of Bishop Gibson suggests—as does a study of the life and work of his contemporaries—that this was rather an age of rationalization, when reason explained and sanctioned the accepted, but when it was really an afterthought. Such loyalties as those of the excellent Bishop are essentially irrational, sentimental loyalties. They assume without real question; they leave to reason only a justification of the already accepted and the devising of ways and means for compelling men to do what feeling has decreed that they should do. It might, therefore, be possible to maintain that Bishop Gibson's political and ecclesiastical success, his notable achievements in making the English Church a loyal supporter of the Cæsar of the moment, were due to a characteristically English sentimentalism, to a really deep-seated fear of reason and all its works.

It is probably unfair to criticize Mr. Sykes for not doing what he most certainly did not intend to do. The task which he did set himself—the accurate, orderly arrangement of external facts—has successfully been accomplished. He is, one suspects, too nearly an intellectual contemporary of his subject to attempt anything else. But he has consequently left to a successor the task of interpreting the life of this typical and important eighteenth century prelate. Really to understand this bishop's identification of legality with rationality, of devotion to God with devotion to George, would open the way to a better understanding of his fear of all varieties of righteousness save his own. This would, in its turn, throw much needed light upon the politics and religion, as well as upon the literature and criticism, of the early eighteenth century.

Early America

OUR REVOLUTIONARY FOREFATHERS. The Letters of François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois, 1779-1785. New York: Duffield & Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLEN NEVINS

WHEN Luzerne was sent to the United States as French Minister in 1779, he took with him as secretary a young diplomat, the son of an officeholder of Metz, named François Barbé. Under his subsequent title of the Marquis de Barbé-Marbois this diplomat figures in our history as one of the French negotiators who in 1803 acted for Napoleon in the sale of Louisiana. But it has not until now been known that he kept any record of his six years' official service—successively secretary of legation, consul-general, and chargé d'affaires—in the United States. This volume of letters, the best of them written during 1779-80 to his fiancée, give him an important place with the numerous French writers of American memoirs and travels during this period; a place not so high as that held by Brissot de Warville, the Marquis de Chastellux, and Moreau de St. Méry, but quite equal to that of the Abbé Robin or the Chevalier de Pontgibaud. The MSS. of Barbé-Marbois, unknown outside the circle of his descendants, fell under the eye of a young American correspondent during the fighting in northern France, and with certain portions unfortunately excised, is here printed.

François Barbé, as it is more correct to call him, crossed to the United States on the same ship with John Adams, landed in Boston, made his way with Luzerne to Washington's headquarters on the Hudson, and thence traveled to the capital, Philadelphia. Enthusiasm for the French allies ran high; as a handsome young man attached to the first French Minister, he was naturally the recipient of assiduous honors and attentions. He makes the comments proper to the son of a sophisticated civilization viewing a simple and democratic society. The uniform prosperity of the people, the thrift, neatness, and order evident throughout New England, the modesty, sometimes rather icy, of the women, the great size of the families, the pertinacious curiosity of the rustics, the piety of the Quakers, the happiness of the negroes, the profusion of food, the soundness of public morals—these are the components of a picture so idyllic as to surpass Crevecoeur. Barbé saw all the curiosities, from George Washington to Rittenhouse's orrery. Indeed, he gives us two valuable pages on Washington, whom he saw pitching a ball with his aides for hours together, and whose skill in handling the tiller of a sailboat on the Hudson during a squall he admired. Among the curiosities which he describes with engaging zest are bundling, the fly-catcher plant, and the mocking bird. Anthony Benezet appears here very sober, and Gouverneur Morris, with his wooden leg, very drunk. The volume is rounded out by a circumstantial description of a visit to the tribe of Oneidas near Fort Schuyler in New York during 1784. Professor Chase's editing is more than competent. His notes, without being obtrusive, add much to the value of the book.

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Camera portrait of JOHN COWPER POWYS by Sherril Schell ©

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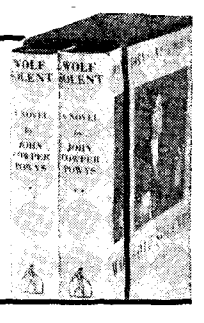

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Books of Special Interest

A Neglected Poet

COLLINS. By H. W. GARROD. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES MCLEAN

Harvard University

AFTER Professor Garrod's admirable work on Wordsworth, at once acute and sympathetic, one lays aside this little book on Collins with a feeling of frustration and dissatisfaction. The book is, in Professor Garrod's words, "something between an essay and a commentary," so that it is satisfactory neither as the one nor the other. Collins and his poetry remain, at the end, unaffected, unexplained, uncategoried, unilluminated. Professor Garrod is present throughout, important, dignified, and reassuring. But in the long run, one feels that his little study adds nothing to our profit or our pleasure. Intellectually, he treads water. Critically, he begs question after question. At the end we remain disappointed. The book reveals none of what one may call the excellent, intellectual "window-washing" qualities which so distinguish the work of Professor Grierson, Mr. T. S. Eliot, and Mr. F. L. Lucas. There is the very definite feeling that in this little book we have not any of Professor Garrod's best. It is his third best or fourth best —and Collins, even if he does not merit the best treatment, is as a poet worthy at least of Professor Garrod's second best. Dr. Johnson for all his occasional obtuseness and prejudice shoots far nearer the mark than this.

On page 34, for example, one pauses before Professor Garrod's remarks about Gray. On page 44, again, one is made uncomfortable by Professor Garrod's conventional manner of treating what he calls "verbal music." Here, if ever, we are on debatable ground and definition, it seems to me, is demanded. Vague and inclusive phraseology crops up again on page 71, where Professor Garrod is criticizing Swinburne's criticism of Wordsworth and where he says, "The truth is that the 'Ode to Duty' is a poem very much inferior to the Immortality Ode—at once less greatly perfect and less perfectly great." Such criticism is slipshod and Professor Garrod errs in his own way as obviously and as extensively as did Swinburne in his.

On the score of personal taste, furthermore, there is ample margin in which to disagree—and completely, at that—with Professor Garrod. His peremptory condemnation in his comments on the "Ode on the Poetical Character" of Collins's phrase (with reference to Milton) "his Ev'ning Ear" is a fair example. To some judges there is an aptness and a beauty in the expression "Ev'ning Ear" which make it perhaps one of Collins's peculiar felicities. In another instance Professor Garrod objects to Collins's phrase "the Mellow Horn"—the mellow horn through which melancholy pours "her pensive soul." Why, I for one, fail to see. Collins, of course, never heard the lovely opening phrases for the horns in Brahms's Second Symphony, but he could not more happily have hit them off.

Most lamentable, however, of Professor Garrod's remarks—and by all odds the most important of his looser statements—is his remark that Collins's "temperament, if it had less of power than Dryden's, had more of true poetical quality." What in the name of all the Muses does Professor Garrod mean by "true poetical quality"? It is from misstatements such as this, neither artistic nor academic, that Professor Garrod's book suffers.

The book, however, is not wholly bad. There are entertaining pages and some diverting but judicious quibbling. And in the end it sends one back to read again, and with a healthy prejudice in his favor, one of the better if neglected poets of the eighteenth century.

MR. GAY. Being a Picture of the Life and Times of the Author of the Beggar's Opera. By OSCAR SHERWIN. Day. 1929. $2.50.

There may be many persons who will enjoy this account of the life of a most likable poet. In order to enjoy it they must believe that a constant use of the present tense in recounting past events gives life and vivacity to narrative. They must also be sufficiently naïve to suppose that a satisfactory picture of any age may be given by merely assembling details concerning manners and customs which seem strange or quaint. And, finally, they must be able to accept as a satisfactory biography of a poet a book in which no significant word concerning his poetry is set down. To persons who cannot meet these requirements Mr. Sherwin's book will seem dull, inadequate, and incompetent. It is obviously an attempt to profit by the amazing willingness of present-day Americans to purchase anything classified as biography.

Journalistic Essays

LABELS AND LIBELS. By the VERY REV. DR. W. R. INGE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

IN London last summer three Americans were lunching at the Savage Club with one of the more widely known English essayists. One of them uttered words of regret that a series of sermons by the Dean of St. Paul's had been completed before they arrived from the States. The others added their expressions of sorrow. "Do you really wish to hear Inge preach?" queried their host. "How delightfully American!"

In this country the estimate in which Dr. Inge is held seems a little different from that common in his own. Over here it is commonly supposed that he is a leader of the intellectual life of his people. Over there they regard him as a clever popular journalist. Over here he is looked upon as a philosopher of parts. At home he seems to most of his own people more of a "columnist." Here he is supposed to be a preacher of distinction; but in London he is regarded as rather a dull talker. There is a certain epigrammatic utterance of the commonplace about most of his work which the British deem a bit unseemly in decanal speech, although quite all right in a penny paper. The British suspect dealers in verbal pyrotechnic. They have never quite taken seriously even Mr. G. K. Chesterton, despite his more than occasional profundity. A man of wisdom in British estimate ought not to sparkle. In the case of the Dean of St. Paul's, there is more than a suspicion in Albion that he has the sparkle without, as a rule, any real depth at all. We Americans take the Dean very seriously. When he last visited New York, hundreds of the city's leaders turned out to a great banquet in his honor, and listened with much respect to a speech which for thoughtfulness and penetrating comprehension would have disgraced a schoolboy. We Americans love titles, ecclesiastical and otherwise. A Dean of St. Paul's must be a mighty man! Dr. Inge is not so great a figure at home. He writes pseudo-science and demi-philosophy and jingo patriotism for the papers; and that is most of it.

If anything can disillusion his American worshippers it will be this "Labels and Libels," just out. Here are a number of his journalistic pot-boilers, dignified by a cloth cover. It is hard to imagine anything less worth reading, for instance, than the "prognostications" which make up the middle seventy-five pages. The one about Catholicism ignores Catholicism as a religion and plays on a "Guy Fawkes Day" sort of fear of papal political ambition. Protestantism is pretty poor stuff, but destined, he thinks, to survive, because it is Nordic. As for education in the year 2000, it is going to be "democratic," which this supposed anti-democrat most surprisingly thinks is a great virtue. The political world in A.D. 2000 will be dominated by America, and a United States of Europe would therefore be a good thing; only of course it is impossible. The dole is going to impoverish and degrade all social life; but nothing, to be sure, can be done about it. Marriage is in a bad way, and growing worse; but the Dean is of four or five contradictory minds about what should be offered by way of diagnosis or remedy. Democracy is a bad form of government; but all that can be done is to shake one's head. Eugenics will work wonders. The Dean ignores the fact that there is nothing at which humanity more instinctively rebels than external regulation of sex-relationships on scientific principles. And, finally, the globe is shrinking because of the radio and television. That is a most original observation!

The essays on religion are a little better. The Dean is in them mostly a courteous and reticent gentleman. But they, too, stay usually very near the surface. The best thing in the volume is the initial essay, a plea for large-minded desire to appreciate the positive and commonly-held elements in religion and not to focus attention upon elements that are decisive; "to personalize sympathies and depersonalize antipathies." That paper is in the vein of the better of the "Outspoken Essays." Significantly, it was written ten years ago—before the daily papers began to get in their deadly work.

Clara Viebig, despite her advancing years, continues to write. Her latest novel, "Die mit den Tausend Kindern" (Deutsche Verlagsanstalt), is a tale of social conditions in Berlin. Its characters are drawn from the working classes which the author knows intimately.

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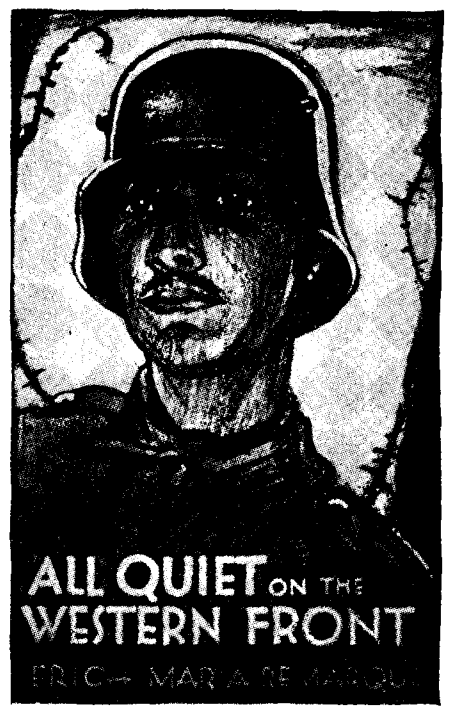
ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

Here at last is the great War novel for which the world has been waiting. Its author, a young German of French extraction, enlisted in the infantry as a boy of eighteen and served on the Western Front throughout the War. In this book we see the life of the common soldier in all its phases—in the trenches, behind the lines, in hospital, at home on leave among civilians. It is a book of terrible experiences, at times crude because of the necessity of telling the absolute truth, at times rising to an almost incredible degree of tragedy, and at times relieved by humorous incidents and examples of rough good-comradeship. It will shock the supersensitive by its outspokenness; it will leave no reader unmoved.



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Bruno Frank in Das Tage Buch says: "It is unanswerable, it cannot be evaded. It does not declaim, it never accuses, it only represents, and every word flowers in truth. Out of his common grave speaks the Unknown Warrior. . . . Let it make its way over the whole world."

Erich Koch-Weser, Minister of Justice, says: "Of all descriptions of the War that I know, this is the most powerful. I repeatedly put it away from me, because it moved me beyond measure, but always took it up again, because it held me irresistibly under its spell."

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Translated by A. W. Wheen. $2.50 at all Booksellers

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A Child's Book Friends

By MITTIE HOLT NICROSI

BEING the youngest of the family, little time or thought was given to what or why I read. I doubt if the family even knew that I read in those early years, for a popular débutante sister thirteen years older than my small self and her ensuing marriage (a gala event, which brought inexpressible joy to my heart, for I was the "flower girl" bedecked in accordion-pleated organdie and pink rosebuds) quite naturally took the house, the time, and attention of, everyone in it.

My first literary memories are of a bright red booklet thrown into our yard one hot summer morning. It advertised in vivid colors a certain type of brick newly put upon the market and, marvel of marvels, it contained a persuasive story in rhyme of "Three Little Pigs" who went out into the wide, wide world to seek their fortunes and one by one met an old gray wolf who "huffed and puffed" 'til he blew down the houses of the first two little pigs, but not that of the third, which was constructed of the brick advertised.

"The Three Little Kittens" who lost their mittens, a battered copy of "Mother Goose," and a very old child's story of the Bible, whose queer print I could not read, but whose pictures held me in fascinated horror, were the first books that I remember.

Our old cook filled my eager ears with "Uncle Remus" stories as I sat on the kitchen steps being "a good chile, an' not under foot." "Diddie, Dumps, and Tot" came next, especially attractive to me because I knew people who had known the real Diddie and the old plantation near Selma, Alabama, where the scene is laid. My own summers were spent on an old plantation, so every scene was a familiar joy, every experience was mine, in spite of the difference in the years. For I had a black "Mammy" and a little colored girl named Willie to play with; together we swung on Muscadine-vine swings and spent many happy hours in the old barn jumping from a high loft into mounds of sweet hay.

Equally dear and the exact opposite in every way was my copy of "Little Women" handed down to me from my Great-aunt Linda, who was New England itself to me and to everyone else in Montgomery who knew her. It was printed at the University Press of Cambridge and was illustrated profusely with pen and ink sketches by Frank T. Merrill. Of the many beautiful copies in the bookshops to-day none is as charming as this old copy of mine and I have never seen a child who did not love its pictures.

The other Alcotts followed "The Five Little Peppers." And "'Toinette's Philip" and "Lady Jane," by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, gave a new vision and were my next loves, as enjoyable to me now as they were then. New Orleans lives and breathes in these pages; the old priest, Père Josef, Mammy 'Toinette, and Grande Seline, whose pralines were the best on the Rue Royale; Philip, courteous and gay, rescuing the dog Homo, and his sad little mistress Dea, who wandered about the streets selling charming little figurines, all of them modelled by Pauvre Papa from characters in Victor Hugo's novels. Here were streets with such delicious names as Rue des Bons Enfants, Ursalines, and St. Charles; the chapel of St. Roch, with its queer votive offerings, and a real Mardi Gras. George W. Cable's books read later on gave me no clearer picture of the old city, its atmosphere and customs, than these two charming books. But "The Little Colonel" held a treasured place in the affections of every Southern girl by reason of the familiarity and complete naturalness of characters, scenery, ideals, personal behavior, and customs true to every Southern home. Without sermonizing, they exerted a subtle influence that had a way of making the average girl want to be worthy without analyzing the reason for it.

I loathed the reading of Dickens and still do, but I enjoyed the stories told me by my Great-aunt who loved Dickens's works, just as I enjoy them in retrospect to-day after the actual reading is over. Thackeray and Scott I adored. "Cranford" was and is a joy. Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," "House of Seven Gables," and "The Scarlet Letter" (think of a child reading "The Scarlet Letter" in those days!) rubbed covers with the "Vicar" and "Mamselle's Secret" on the shelves of an old-fashioned corner book-stand that stood in my bedroom to which I carried all the books that I enjoyed the instant that I discoverd them, for once they crossed the threshold of my room they became mine. "The Alhambra" and "Canterbury Tales" crowded Rab Burns and Lord Byron into a corner with Owen Wister's "Virginian," "Robin Hood," "Swiss Family Robinson," and "Lorna Doone."

Sprinkled thickly through the years was a varied assortment picked here and there at will, with no guidance of any kind. "Huck' Finn" was the only book banned by my Great-aunt, who would not tolerate in the house such an example of bad manners coupled with bad behavior. I can see her now flinging into the flames of my fireplace a cherished volume slipped to me by my brother and hidden for weeks under the mattress of my bed. At this time I succeeded in getting a liberal education in "Diamond Dicks." My brother had a splendid workshop, built especially for him in our back yard, and here he kept, secretly of course, a really remarkable library of "Diamond Dicks," which it was my delight to borrow. I made a wonderful discovery soon after this; it was an old trunk in the attic filled with paper-back novels by Ouida, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, and Augusta J. Evans. These novels had the same effect that the movies of to-day have on young people.

"Alice in Wonderland" and a book called "Little Mr. Thimblefinger," by Joel Chandler Harris, were early acquaintances that vied for favoritism with "Two Little Confederates," "In Old Virginia," and "A Captured Santa Claus," by Thomas Nelson Page.

"Emmy Lou," "Mrs. Wiggs," and "Lovey Mary," and "Sandy" were friends with "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Mother Cary's Chickens," and the "Bird's Christmas Carol." "Sara Crewe," "The Secret Garden," and "Two Little Pilgrims's Progress" (a story of the Chicago World's Fair) were my favorites of Mrs. Burnett's books.

All of Ernest Thompson-Seton, the beloved "Jungle Books" and "Kim," and a set of books by Paul du Chaillu describing explorations in Africa, kept me enthralled for weeks. "The Little Minister" and "Jane Eyre": one by one they come back to me with a feeling that draws me to the book-shelves to search for these old friends, these books that never failed me when I sought their company.

Reviews

MUSIC FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. By ALICE G. THORN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $1.25.

Reviewed by FANNY R. HAMMOND

MISS THORN, a gifted musician and teacher, shows in this book her understanding of the child mind. As the excellent introduction by Patty S. Hill states, each child should be treated as a separate unit in the general plan, and its interests and development carefully studied and as carefully guided. The book urges the teacher to become acquainted with the child's natural musical tastes or lack of them, and with its knowledge of song and folksong. Once the child's previous musical experiences are known, the teacher has a basis on which to work, and, as is pointed out, it is the slower, less experienced groups which need the most careful help and special training. Dramatic play, musical games, the making and use of simple musical instruments, all are emphasized. Lists of songs and song books are given and, as the book states: "The most beautiful and artistic songs in our possession to-day are the folk songs, because they are a real expression of a common, vital experience." So these songs are used wherever possible and the child begins to store away in its mind treasures which will be a lasting heritage.

Rhythmic activity is given its just due. For young children it is important that musical ideas come this way, through bodily activity. The music for this work should be carefully adapted to the varying ages of the different classes, and care should be taken that the child is not unduly stimulated in his emotional life, a point too often overlooked. And much is made in this book of the child's sensitiveness and the grave mistake it is to ridicule or even notice the clumsiness of his attempts. The writer urges the encouragement of honest effort, the stimulus produced by the good example of older children, and the benefits of wholesome social contact among children; also she marks the need of helping children to develop their own ideas and tastes rather than those of others.

The making and using of simple musical instruments form a valuable part of the child's musical education, and ways of manufacturing these are explained. Unconsciously the child learns the use and value of instruments, which knowledge later will enable him to distinguish tones and families in concerts and orchestras. This brings us to the last part of the book, which dwells on the joy for both teacher and pupil in musical excursions. Here the importance of offering only the best is emphasized and also the inspiration for children in music performed by another child or by an artist young enough to belong, in a way, to the same world they themselves inhabit.

All in all, the book is one which it would be well worth while for the teacher in any subject to study carefully, and especially those teachers whose privilege it is to bring music to the school children of to-day.

ABDALLAH AND THE DONKEY. Told and Illustrated by "KOS" (BARONESS DOMBROWSKI). New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ANNE H. VANCE
New Haven Bookshop

BARONESS DOMBROWSKI has written and illustrated with whimsical artistry the tale of a Bagdad merchant and his donkey, which depends on a number of amusing tricks to hold the interest of its youthful readers.

Like Daudet's papal mule, Abdallah's donkey had *l'air bon enfant*—until he ate the bit of rotten pumpkin which the blackbird with green eyes and strange headgear had imbued with magic power. Abdallah, not satisfied with submission and loyalty, had prayed that his good donkey be given human intelligence, that he might be more than mere beast of burden, a partner in his joys and sorrows as well. This thought, pious in itself, was responsible for devastating changes in the humdrum existence of master and beast.

The whimsy of tying her characters by strips of bright-colored cloth to the initial letter of a chapter seems to give particular pleasure to the author, as she has twice used the trick. Says Rumswiddle, "The artist tied me to the big T and I am afraid I must stay here until the end of the chapter." Abdallah scolds, "You wicked creature! . . . Why did you not kick and buck? Are you *my* donkey, or the artist's jackass?" (Was there ever a more satisfactory name for a donkey than "Rumswiddle"?—a name to swish through one's teeth, as delicious a combination of sounds for a small boy to conjure with as could be thought of.)

The author gives warmth and color to the lively narrative by descriptions rich in Oriental atmosphere, the booth at the annual bazaar, the trappings of the Cadi and the lovely Ameera, and the garden with coffee under the orange tree.

One cannot wonder that Rumswiddle was content to be the "artist's jackass," for the artist certainly wins the day in this pleasant little book. She knows her animals always, whether they be elephants in Africa in another of her books, or a donkey in Bagdad between these pages. She knows her Bagdad merchant, too, and can depict his sharpness or his servility by the turn of an eye, or the gesture of an Oriental hand.

The book is a pleasant size for children to hold, the type is good, and the short, pithy chapters will serve as excellent reading at a sitting for the restless boy.

FORTY GOOD MORNING TALES. By ROSE FYLEMAN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by LUCY T. BARTLETT

PERHAPS it is not so strange that one who is only an "aunt" should not until now have discovered Rose Fyleman. But having discovered her I mean to pursue her, to see if her Good Night Tales are as wispy, as airy, as altogether delightful as are her tales for Good Morning. Without doubt she has the story-telling gift. Her imagination works as lightly as the thistledown which the old lady of one of these tales put into her bread; it leaps as nimbly over time and reality as did the Hoppaway to 'Ampstead. Any child with any imagination will hug this book to her heart and find fresh fields to roam in. And as for any child without imagination, if there is one, she surely will have at least a small seed planted within her, which with proper cultivation will eventually come to flower.

It is part of Miss Fyleman's charm that she does not write down to her readers; she makes no effort to have only thoughts in one syllable. There are allusions which no child can grasp, precisely as there are happenings daily in children's lives which mean nothing to them but out of which come by suggestion those things which are real. "Why go abroad for your winter sports?" would convey no exciting suggestion to them, however it may stir longings in their elders, but Mrs. Moodle sliding down stairs on a tea tray is something they can well comprehend. I know, for I tried that particular story on four of them today. From a certain gleam which came into their eyes I fear they comprehended it only too well. What this and a few others of these tales should have added to them is a WARNING—"This was all very well for Mrs. Moodle, but I shouldn't advise your trying it yourself!"

The very thin little girl, the girl who tried to walk on the ceiling, with disastrous results, the last little pea in the pod, who escaped the caterpillar and other ills because he was so little and ill-favored—a delightful variation of the old "youngest son" plot—these should soon become as familiar as the King who did like "a little bit of butter on his bread," or James, James, or even Winnie the Pooh.

The publishers recommend these tales for children "eight to eleven." I should begin somewhat earlier, seven, or even six. *When* I asked a small person of eight recently, one with whom I often have intellectually stimulating conversations, what she was reading now, she replied, "Vanity Fair." Fortunately her tastes are catholic and broad, and she was one of those most carried way by the adventures of Mrs. Moodle.

In her illustrations Erick Berry has managed to catch some of the delightful qualities of the stories.

THREE POINTS OF HONOR. By RUSSELL GORDON CARTER. New York: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

ONCE more have some optimistic publishers gone gunning for the remarkable, and come home unhappily with the commonplace. This is the book which was awarded the $4000 prize in the *Boys' Life*-Little, Brown & Company competition. Perhaps it is not to say that these gentlemen regret having had to throw such an expensive rainbow 'round Mr. Carter's shoulder, for they have secured an honest and fairly interesting working-out of their conditions: a story based on the principles of the Scout Oath and Law. But they certainly have not bagged a distinguished story or even an exceptional one. Surely for $4000 they should have been able to pick up something of style, some humor, or grace of phrase, or beauty of description, or acuteness of characterization if these qualities could be come by through awards and stipulations; but this book lacks them all.

Rodney Owen, the hero, is a very decent fellow, sturdy, sincere, and pleasantly unconscious of his twelve attributes: a Scout is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, etc. Having assimilated Foch's doctrines of conquest, he leads his basketball team to victory, only to have the triumph darkened by his mother's death. The gloom of this tragedy clouds the rest of the book and is rather severe for a juvenile, nor does the maternal influence have the effect its author probably intended. Rodney is bent to a dead person's wish, and years after her death, at eighteen, he is still tearfully getting letters, through an uncle, from the grave. It is not attractive.

Rodney's wage-earning efforts are well told. He gives up one job because taking money from the Reds is hardly in keeping with Point of Honor No. 1. He supports his uncle, which takes care of No. 2. He saves one fisherman from drowning, and another from burning, and is fortunate enough to be picked up at sea by a U. S. destroyer. He convalesces to find himself an appointee of the President's to Annapolis.

The best of "Three Points of Honor" is its honest and unpriggish hero, and the worst is his unconvincing fate. One feels that Rodney would be out of place and unhappy as a naval officer. Even the author has doubts about it. In forcing this boy to his mother's antiquated ambitions, Mr. Carter has scarcely done a good turn for boys. The anatomy of the book is wrenched, which explains why the flesh lacks liveliness. Compared with other scout books which have appeared recently, this book is greatly inferior. It is not the kind to be reread.

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The High Seas Bookshop

By ILAH NIEHOFF

A STALWART longshoreman signals with hand upraised and the gangway is withdrawn. A moment more and the last reminders and goodbyes are lost in the thunder of the siren as the Transylvania backs out into the Hudson River to begin the voyage. Passengers turn reluctantly from the rails as we draw away from the pier and start jauntily on their rounds inspecting their new home afloat, for we are bound out on a two months cruise in the Mediterranean. There is no more detaining sight than the last view of Manhattan, lying compact together like a city let down from the skies, but the thought of the Bookshop and new books still to be unpacked drags me away. I pass along decks bestrewn with the remains of the colored paper streamers that so lately wove a rainbow pattern between ship and shore and make my way aft on A-deck.

Some passengers are already examining my sign, "High Seas Bookshop," and are doubtless at a loss to place such an institution in the scheme of shipboard accommodation. Now a young girl, rushing past the Bookshop door, calls out, "Why, there's the library. That's where Blanche will park herself." We are not quite a library, of course, but Blanche will be made welcome by grace of her interest in books. And now I forsee that I shall have to explain and explain. The same old formula: "No, this is not the library. This is the High-Seas Bookshop," or (to requests for stamps, matches, shoe-strings, and general information), "No, this is NOT the kiosk, etc." Our gay painted sign with its nautical looking gentleman, book in hand, balancing precariously on a slanting deck, is apparently too good to believe. But at last I manage to convince visitors of our identity and there is a cry for further details. I recite my lesson rather glibly from long practice, but none the less with a recurrence of my first thrill: we are the only High Seas Bookshop in existence, with headquarters on the Transylvania and temporary branches in all the ports in which our good ship comes to anchor. First established by Capt. Bone on the Tuscania in 1922, and later transferred to the newer Transylvania, the Bookshop has grown from a casual venture to an established institution. It has become a sort of international exchange in bookselling (for we stock both foreign and American editions) with unique opportunities for both buyer and seller. What greater pleasure could a bookseller dream of than to present say, Tomlinson, C. E. Montague, Forster, or Mary Webb to the right American, and Willa Cather, Murray Sheehan, or Christopher Morley to a solid but understanding Briton? And there is an impish delight in troubling hundred percenters with the disturbing news that the whimsical Logan Pearsall Smith is an American, or that William McFee is not rightly acclaimed in the country of his birth. I can see the bristles standing up, John Bull loquitur: "Who IS this McFee?"

Books, books, books. . . . "Elizabeth and Essex" . . . good job I only ordered a few copies. Certain it is that the givers of gifts have included it in every bon-bon box, along with the "Art of Thinking," "Cradle of the Deep," and the latest thriller recommended by the Crime Club. If only I can sell Millay to devotees of "Eddie" Guest, "Figures of Earth" to ladies from San Antonio, and à Kempis to pretty flappers, I shall feel that I have done well. And here is a new edition of the "Spanish Farm" . . . reads right anyway. Let "Beau Geste" and "What Price Glory" thrill the débutante with the illusion that she has seen the real he-man in action . . . the man would probably look like five cents in her sight . . . but probably only bribes will lead her to Mottram's Trilogy.

Glancing over the passenger list of the cruise I note well over four hundred, representing a quota from nearly every state in the Union, and as usual over seventy percent are women . . . That means Spanish shawls and amber beads at Gibraltar . . . but I hope they will buy my books too . . . then the breadwinner at home would at least get something in the reversion. They are sure to want McFee's latest . . . "Pilgrims of Adversity," and the last "Mary Queen of Scots," which looks readable enough at first glance and lives up to expectations. Morley's "Off the Deep End" merits a conspicuous place too. The title story is sure to delight those who enjoy the books of our captain-author, David W. Bone. His "Brassbounder," "Broken Stowage," and "Lookoutman" are always in demand not only by those who appreciate a good sea story but by all those young ladies who are starting a collection of autographs and souvenirs. I might relate here the pathetic story of a famous author who crossed with us as a passenger. He was so harassed by a fair maiden who coveted his autograph and who was continually trying to take his photograph, that he became quite rabid on the subject and was discovered by the night watchman trying to seal up her cabin door with one of those Anchor Line labels that read "Not Wanted On Voyage."

But soon the genial pastimes of ship life will be upset by the recurring call of "All Ashore" at Madeira, Cadiz, Athens, Constantinople, Alexandria, and Naples . . . adventure and experience at first hand . . . comfort and convience guaranteed . . . But at least we can provide a goodly staff for the journey; unlike the usual cicerone our travel books demand no other baksheesh than their cost, nor limit their guidance to a feeble and often illiterate recital of time and event. I can be sure of selling a couple of hundred "New Mediterranean Travelers." Lorenz should certainly go down on his knees every night and pray for the soul of Carl Baedeker . . . but for all that he has given us a useful book listing the principal facts about each port and leaving nice, wide margins for one's own notes . . . a sensible way of recording impressions and less fatiguing than keeping that vow to write up a diary every day. Those tyrannous empty pages! Their memory can rob us of our simplest joys. Besides I have a not unreasonable suspicion that the majority of handsome leather "My Trip Abroads" being carried about begin and end on the line reserved and entitled "Captain's Autograph." Baedekers too—even though the edition be out of date they remain the most satisfying fare for those who hunger for facts, and what traveler worthy of the name does not? And the "Things Seen Series" . . . hm . not a great deal in them, but the publishers have cunningly provided a volume on every port, small enough to slip into a pocket and plentifully sprinkled with photographs . . . wherefore we shall sell dozens of them.

We stock the best of the latest novels, mystery stories and travel books, at shore prices, and still have room to spare for old favorites. The lady who comes for Dr. Fosdick's "Pilgrimage to Palestine" sees on the shelf above Irving's "Alhambra" in a charming English edition, illustrated by Pennell and costing only six shillings (about $1.50). The man who stops in to pay for his wife's purchase of Mrs. Wharton's latest novel stays to admire our photograph of Conrad with Capt. Bone on the bridge of the Tuscania and so discovers the shelf reserved for literature of the sea. He departs with a copy of "Youth" bulging from one pocket and Tomlinson's "Sea and the Jungle" from the other. Someone else asks for Edgar Wallace's last perpetration but spies Borrow's "Bible in Spain" (read for the first time many years ago) and cheerfully digs up another two-fifty; and a perfervid Scot (and the Transylvania is nothing if not Scottish) is made happy with the discovery of Cunninghame Graham's priceless gem, "Beattock for Moffat" in a small volume of sketches, and so it goes.

But now we are past Sandy Hook and the beginnings of a South gale are evident in the tric-trac of the loose books upon our shelves. Edith Wharton's boxed trilogy stands stiffly against the motion of the ship but she has Shackleton's "New York" for strong support to leeward. "Trader Horn" is thrown drunkenly against "Lions n'Tigers n'Everything." How apt the accidental! Don Marquis's "Almost Perfect State" balances precariously in an odd corner so I jam a couple of copies of "Out of the Sea" alongside to give it support. The "Old Soak" I leave to look after himself, a gallant old strap-hanger anyway.

But in the midst of my musing my first customer appears. He is the forerunner of hundreds who will find their way into my little shop during the two-months cruise, and now when it is over, I muse fondly on those vanished customers, their friendliness, their eccentricities, and their charm. There was the man who demanded a "thin book on Egypt" and could not be suited with anything in what I considered a pretty complete collection on the subject; the old lady who begged my help in locating the "first Precipice" on a map of the Nile; the miss who rushed into the shop as the ship cruised through the Ægean Sea crying out for "The Four Horseman of the Apocalypse" and explaining it as "the book that St. John wrote on the island of Patmos" and that other young thing who asked for the same book as we approached Athens because she thought it was "The Four Horsemen of the Acropolis." My own feeling was that these people expected too much, but as a rule the Bookshop is able to suit a variety of tastes and the stock is particularly catholic in range. Light novels and murder mysteries for reading on deck, slim volumes of poems or essays for bed-books, guide books as companions on shore trips, maps of everywhere under the sun, French, Spanish, and Italian phrase books for the would-be linguists, and for even more curious souls books on the wonders of the sea and the stars. A bookshop at sea is always pertinent and has no off-season in which to stagnate, and as the ship circles the globe on her course a queerly assorted company come down from the shelves and have the dust blown from their edges, from "Innocents Abroad" or Budge's "Book of the Dead" to "Cocktail Continentale" or "The Frantic Atlantic."

Of course there are always those people on board who already have a book. They would skirt the very shores of adventure without an answering thrill, counting up their dollars and speculating on the bargains they hope to find at the next port. But to balance them there will be many a kindred spirit with bookish longings to unburden. Some will be attracted by the cheerful sight of rows of new books in glowing jackets, or by the catalogue I have placed in the public rooms, but the right royal bookworm will be drawn by the charmed atmosphere that haunts almost any bookshop, an atmosphere compounded of the multiple emotions pent up upon its shelves. For a bookshop is an exciting place where beautiful discoveries wait and, as Morley has said, it is rich soil for human relationships, and I find that I am constantly grateful for more than a few fine experiences and friendships that have been fostered by the kindly influence of the only Bookshop on the high seas.

Back to the jungle of primitive passions and instincts came the Negress who was the dancing sensation of Paris; the heiress on a Cooks tour; the black Emperor of Haiti; the panther man from Syracuse—

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE STYLES OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE. By *Arthur Stratton.* Part I. The Middle Ages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.

APOSTLE SPOONS. By *Charles G. Rupert.* New York: Oxford University Press.

MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING. No. 21. By *Malcolm Osborne.* New York: William Edwin Rudge. $2.50.

MASTERS OF THE COLOR PRINT. V. *P. L. Debucourt.* New York: William Edwin Rudge.

COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. By *Charles Z. Klauder* and *Herbert C. Wise.* Scribners. $5 net.

Belles Lettres

AMERICAN LITERATURE. By *Ernest Erwin Leroy.* Crowell. $2.50.

GODS WHO DANCE. By *Ted Shawn.* New York: Dutton. $7.

THE FUNERAL ELEGY AND THE RISE OF ENGLISH ROMANTICISM. By *John W. Draper.* The New York University Press.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Edited by *Alphonso Gerald Newcomer.* Completed by *Henry David Gray.* Stanford University Press.

EARLY GERMAN ROMANTICISM. By *Walter Silz.* Harvard University Press. $2.50.

JOHN GALSWORTHY. By *Leon Schalit.* Translated by *Ethel E. Coe* and *Therese Harbury.* Scribners. $3.

THE BATCHELORS' BANQUET. Edited by *F. P. Wilson.* Oxford University Press. $3.25.

NEW CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE. By *J. W. Powell* and *E. A. Barber.* Oxford University Press. $5.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. His Life, Works, and Influence. By *George McLean Harper.* Scribner's.

AMBROSE BIERCE. A Bibliography. By *Vincent Starrett.* Philadelphia: The Centaur Book Shop. $3.50.

L'ENFANT AND WASHINGTON. 1791-1792. Published and Unpublished Documents Now Brought Together for the First Time. By *Elizabeth S. Kite.* Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $3.

LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS. By *Comte Louis de Lichtervelde.* Translated by *Thomas H. Reed.* Century. $4.

ENGLISH POLITICAL PORTRAITS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By *G. R. Sterling Taylor.* Boston: Little, Brown. $3.

IS BERNARD SHAW A DRAMATIST? By *Archibald Henderson.* New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $4.

GREAT ENGLISH PROSE WRITERS. By *Hardin Craig.* New York: F. S. Crofts & Co.

Biography

FAMOUS SHERIFFS AND WESTERN OUTLAWS. By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

A roaring, drunken cowpuncher clambered aboard the westbound train. He waved a fistful of gold pieces before the questioning conductor, and shouted: "I want to go to Hell." The conductor was unshaken. "Get off at Dodge," he said, extracting a dollar as fare from the handful of shining money. Such is the treatment, and similar the material, of this book.

Mr. Raine knows the West, and knows—or knew—many of them rest on Boot Hill—many of the men who had to do with the making of the West. Much of the subject matter here is new; some of it is invaluable to the historian. There is, for instance, the saga of John Wesley Hardin. Hardin is not celebrated in either folk-song or story as a killer—but more deaths can be traced, authentically, to him than to any other of the notorious bad men. John Wesley Hardin died with his boots on, but not with a gun in his hand. He had a good hand, however: his last words were: "Four sixes to beat."

The glamour surrounding Billy the Kid is some of it dissipated in this book. Mr. Raine's story of the desperado is in serious conflict with current tales concerning this fire-eating, quick-shooting son of a gun; and Mr. Raine would seem to know what he is talking about.

Education

SHORT STORIES FOR COLLEGE CLASSES. Edited by *Blanche Colton Williams.* Appleton. $2.25.

FRESHMAN ALGEBRA. By *James Byrnie Shaw.* Crowell. $2.

THE EDUCATION OF THE MODERN GIRL. By a *Group of Authors.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

HAVE WE KEPT THE FAITH? America at the Crossroads in Education. By *C. A. Prosser* and *C. R. Allen.* New York: Century. $2.75.

LITERATURE FOR THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL. Book One. By *Thomas H. Briggs, Charles Madison Curry,* and *Leonidas Warren Payne, Jr.* New York: Rand, McNally & Co.

SECONDARY EDUCATION AND INDUSTRIALISM. By *George S. Counts.* Harvard University Press.

FIESTAS IN COSTUMBRES ESPAÑOLAS. By *C. E. Cany.* Heath. $1.32.

ESSAYS FROM FIVE CENTURIES. Edited by *William Thomson Hastings* and *Kenneth Oliver Mason.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.

THE EARLY STORY OF MANKIND. By *Marion G. Clark* and *Wilbur Fisk Gordy.* Scribners. 88 cents.

BEGINNERS' SPANISH. By *John M. Pitaro* and *Alexander Green.* New York: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.56.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY. By *Stephen Vincent Benét.* With an Introduction by *Henry Seidel Canby.* Doubleday, Doran.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Translated into English Verse by *Herbert Bates.* School Edition. Harpers. $1.20.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION. By *Edward L. Thorndike* and *Arthur I. Gates.* Macmillan.

THE GREEN PARROT. By *Princess Marthe Bibesco.* Harcourt Brace. $2.50

MODERN GERMAN SHORT STORIES. Selected and edited by *H. F. Eggeling.* Oxford University Press. $1.15.

HORACE MANN AND RELIGION IN THE MASSACHUSETTS PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By *Raymond B. Culver.* Yale University Press.

Fiction

RAIN BEFORE SEVEN. By JESSIE DOUGLAS FOX. Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.

Though this first novel, a tale of young love in conflict, has its strong points, the character of the immature villainess tends to be just a little incredible, due perhaps to the author's desire that we never fail to realize how utterly and incorrigibly base the girl is. Jennet is nearly twenty, when the ruin and disappearance of their father, a small-town bank official, leaves her, two younger sisters and Katharine, the eldest, to face life in straitened circumstances. Refusing to share poverty with them, the grasping, self-deluded Jennet, deeming her loveliness irresistible and worthy of riches, dupes a young man into giving her his hard-earned savings and with these funds departs for England in pursuit of a wealthy idler who had lately paid her serious attention. In Europe her inborn perversity and habit of double-dealing visit upon her severe enough consequences to teach the average girl guilty of her conduct an unforgettable lesson, but not so the redoubtable Jennet. Returning to her old home in America, wantonly selfish, defiant, domineering as ever, she continues to wreak ceaseless havoc until marriage, but not reason, seems to limit the extent of her future capacity for harming other people. An interesting, capably handled story for the most part, it promises that the author's future work should reward watching.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

PENNY DREADFUL. By MALCOLM ROSS. Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.

This novel of New York newspaper life should not be put on the bookshelf near "The Front Page," by Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur, nor with "Reporter," by Mr. Levin. These last two pieces, a play and a prose narrative respectively, were written in a zestful frenzy that made them colorful and illuminating. Neither one was propagandist for or against modern newspapers, but each made splendid entertainment. Now Mr. Ross's novel comes along and takes itself very seriously. Mr. Ross feels that tabloid journalism, which, he says, is soon to swallow up "old line respectable" journalism, is about as ethically admirable as a first degree murder. This anti-tabloid attitude pervades the narrative, dominates the plot (which is inane at all times), and finally, becoming solemn, succeeds in drying up the novel.

Nevertheless, we get a full picture of the ideals and the methods of the tabloids, and this large body of information, so long as it deals with what is new to us, does much to make the novel bearable. Mr. Ross is often able to make his characters superior to his work as a whole; the best are usually of the newspaper world; Doc Streeter, Babe Smith, Ned Ream. The illness and death of Babe Smith is the best episode; it moves us. But as a whole, "Penny Dreadful" is heavy-footed and dull, expounding a pretty obvious doctrine and not getting much of anywhere in the process.

DR. ARTZ. By ROBERT HICHENS. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1929. $2.50.

In "Doctor Artz" Robert Hichens has written an unpleasant study of sexual rejuvenation. Dr. Artz can, by operation and aphrodisiacs, restore to elderly libertines of both sexes what may be ironically called "the power of enjoyment"; that is, he gives them up again to the furious slave-driver from whom Sophocles once thanked the gods that he had escaped; but he no more gives them youth or beauty or desirability than Frankenstein gave them when he vivified his dead and putrescent creature. Most of the book is filled with the struggle and counter-plots of these galvanized satyrs and harpies to obtain by force or bribery the thing that no one will give them for love, and that is the only thing the fair world holds for them. The whole atmosphere is like that of the reeking courts of "The Atheists' Tragedy" and "The Revenger's Tragedy," and Dr. Artz himself fits well enough into the picture. We may accept as credible his knowledge and force of character, his hypnotic power, his Machiavellian subtlety, even his simian physique, though it is too reminiscent of the beast-men of "The Island of Doctor Moreau"; but when there is added to these an insane sense of humor that makes him delight in doing evil for its own sake, we recognize our old friend the Elizabethan stage villain.

There are signs that Mr. Hichens has attempted to give his theme some larger significance, to present it as a phase of a far-reaching rivalry between the generations, but it cannot be said that he succeeds in making this significance apparent. His foils, the virginal English singer, and the young Swiss follower of the *Nacht-Kultur*, do not produce half so vivid an impression of health and virtue as the older characters do of disease and vice; they are not strongly-drawn enough to stand for the younger generation knocking at the door.

It would be rash indeed to say that anything cannot be the subject of art. The consumptive Duke of Reichstadt, the unnatural Count Cenci, the mad Orestes have been made the subject of plays; we may yet see a novel about madmen and Struldbrugs. But though a genius might have made a revealing study even of types so abnormal and morbid, Mr. Hichens has not succeeded in doing it in "Doctor Artz."

MAYPOLES AND MORALS. By FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER. Sears. 1929. $2.50.

Mr. Kummer is laboring under a heavy load of woe. The attitude of our thoughtless age toward love and marriage annoys him almost beyond endurance. As a result of his disturbed state of mind, he writes a thesis novel, "Maypoles and Morals." The thesis is neither startling nor unusual; in fact, it is entirely visible and familiar to most intelligent citizens without the loud brass band that Mr. Kummer sets up in front of it. Who would not agree that true love and wise marriage is better than temporarily exciting promiscuity? Who does not know that we in these days seem to have more than our deserved share of eccentric sexual manifestations? Well, then, what is all the fuss about? Mr. Kummer's brass band noisily calls our attention to the Obvious.

The narrative is sensational; at least, we suppose that "sensational" carries the proper connotation. The central character, Shackleford, has Casanovian adventures, and Mr. Kummer goes as far as he dares with the Casanovian detail. The reader who is so inclined will experience titillations during some of the passages, but the bleak spaces between grow longer as the book progresses. This Shackleford is a sociologist, and through him Mr. Kummer lugs into the pages a good deal of "Golden Bough" material as well as erotic classical mythology. Furthermore, there is a wholly unnecessary emphasis on phallic lore. The novel is essentially cheap, though superficially suave and wise.

TREADMILL. By LOLA JEAN SIMPSON. Macmillan. 1929. $2.

There is material for a good polemic novel in the state of our high-school system, but "Treadmill" is not that novel. Miss Simpson has written an old-fashioned love-story, with the traditional misunderstanding between the lovers that is kept up only by really heroic stupidity on both sides, and into this has inserted all the charges often heard brought against our public schools: the interference by politics and prejudice, the over-emphasis on athletics, the heart-breakingly small pay, the impertinent restrictions upon a teacher's private life.

One wishes one could say that these evils were depicted vividly enough to stir up the public, but in "Treadmill" they appear too extraneous; they serve too much to point the moral and too little to adorn the tale. Neither the polemics, nor the passages giving the heroine's thoughts in which Miss Simpson calls her "you," where an earlier writer would have called her "she," nor the cover design with its futuristic wheel and its proper names beginning with lower-case letters, can conceal the fact that "Treadmill" is a lamb in controversialists' clothing.

THE ETERNAL FOREST. By GEORGE GODWIN. Appleton. 1929. $2.

So far as the title describes the British Columbian setting of a village forty miles inland from Vancouver, it is accurate; but the book itself is fortunately much more than just another frontier yarn. Rather it belongs to that honest minority of writings which are resettling Canada with permanent inhabitants—Maria Chapdelaine at Peribonka, Grove's "Settlers of the Marsh" north of Winnipeg. Mr. Godwin's village of Ferguson's Landing is typical of many settlements in that remote world, and he has populated it with admirably differentiated characters—the shiftless station-agent, the poor-spirited pastor, Johannson; that model pioneer, Gentleman Woods, who rotted faster than his fir stumps; the "newcomers," who supply the norm to city readers.

Store gossip provides occasion for satiric passes at government and oil booms, wise asides on economics and racial invasion, not omitting human comment on Mrs. Armstrong. The teeming earth and varying skies vividly envelop the characters who bob in and out of the story, which seems all approach, until suddenly one has finished it and finds that he has it quite clearly. The community is the story. But the method has defects. The pattern is too crazy-quilt to permit much emotion to be built up. You can't be gripped by something that is always slipping away. The book is more notebook than novel. But it is of value, both accurately observed and economically written down, and to this reviewer, who has been railroaded past just such settlements unseeing, this account is an absorbing expansion of knowledge.

THE WOLVES OF CHAOS. By HAROLD MCGRATH. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

"Cutty," the hero of one of the author's previous stories, "The Drums of Jeopardy," returns in this latest tale to tilt with Soviet spies and secret agents. A whole host of complications develop, chief among which is a girl, beautiful, resourceful, and insanely intent on wiping out the descendants of the Russian nobleman who used her badly in Czarist days.

The tale has a satisfactory blood-and-thunder ending. McGrath fans will not find it boring reading, but it would have been more exciting to one reader at least if the author had worked out his climax more carefully.

(*Continued on page* 1082)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

V. C., Seattle, Wash., asks what recent publication is based on the tales of Baron Munchausen.

I WONDER if this can mean the new edition of "The Surprising Tales of Baron Munchausen," illustrated by William Strang and J. B. Clark, with an introduction by Thomas Seccombe, recently published by McKay in a limited edition at ten dollars? This is the only recent use of the tales that I know, though I have heard them mentioned in connection with several recent records of travel and adventure.

MR. DANIEL BLAU, secretary of the Dayton Society of Etchers, Dayton, O., believes that he may have ended the long search of the Cleveland Public Library for a poem describing the famous demon-gorgoyle of Nôtre Dame.

Excepting the fact that the poem consists of two lines instead of two pages it tallies with the description given; or, perhaps I should say, the description tallies with the poem excepting in this respect.

On some of the earlier states of Charles Meryon's famous plate, "Le Stryge," he etched the following lines of his own poetry:

Insatiable vampire—l'éternelle Luxure
Sur la Grande Cité convoite sa pâture.

The plate, as you probably recall, represents one of the chimères of Nôtre Dame against the background of a view of Paris.

A translation of the foregoing lines, as well as an interesting treatment of the whole subject, will be found in "Charles Meryon, Poet" in William Aspenwall Bradley's "French Etchers of the Second Empire," pp. 21 and 22.

I shall be interested to know whether the conjecture is correct.

Bruce H. Redditt, Kenyon College, Gambier, O., is very anxious to get "Theory and Application of Finite Groups," by Miller, Blichfeldt, and Dickson (Wiley, 1916), and "Theory of Substitutions and Its Applications to Algebra," by Eugen Netto (Giessen), translated into English by F. N. Cole (Register Pub. Co., Inland Press, Ann Arbor, Mich, 1892). These are out-of-print books, and though the only way I know of tracing such is by advertising in *The Publisher's Weekly,* where a special department of small "Books Wanted" ads is a feature, possibly some mathematical reader of this department may know where copies of these two may be found.

J. H. R., Butte, Montana, says that he is rearranging the shelving in his library, which contains about three thousand volumes, and finds it difficult to estimate the proper proportion for the shelving in height for a varied assortment of books. Where may he get such information?

"LIVING with Books," a booklet on how to select them and how to take care of them, will be mailed to anyone who sends four cents in stamps to cover postage and handling costs to the Haskin Information Bureau, 21st and C streets, N.W., Washington, D. C. At the back of this booklet is a detailed account of how to make bookshelves of various sorts and for various purposes, with working drawings. The carpentry part is not mine, but the rest is: it is, I think, the only book ever written that deals at length and in detail with the joys and uses of reading without mentioning the name of a book. The National Association of Booksellers, for whom it was prepared, will be sending it out in amazing numbers, judging from the "almost unprecedented response" they report to their notice of it in the *Bookselling News.* Several calls having come to me for copies, will inquirers please accept this information instead?

H. H. C., New York City, asks if there is a book that would be useful in cataloguing a small home library.

THERE is a recently published "Code for Classifiers" (American Library Association), with the principles governing the consistent placing of books in a system of classification; it is by William Stetson Merrill and is of course of high value for large libraries and of interest to anyone who has to do with the arrangement of books. But a small home library not devoted to a special subject generally takes its chances at the hands of its owner, who makes a list of its books by the light of nature and in the line of his interests. I do not see just how a book could be written that would cover the case of the general home book-collection, but if one has ever been, someone interested in the efficiency of this department will surely send in a report upon it.

G. W. L., Bellingham, Wash., a valued correspondent of the Guide, has embarked on a course of study arising from his reading of such books as "Whither Mankind," "The Rise of American Civilization," and the volumes of Macmillan's "History of American Life." He wishes a history of the Middle Ages, from which to depart upon a study of the causes tending to the secularization of life. It is his idea to trace the rise of business, of science, and of the various other forces that loosened the hold of the clergy on our life, investigating the benefits and evils of the process.

AS for the history to be thus used as a point of departure, I suggest Lynn Thorndike's "History of Mediæval Europe," the revised new edition (Houghton Mifflin), and in connection with it the remarkable study of "The Mediæval Mind," by Henry Osgood Taylor (Macmillan; 2 vols.). Following the line of the development of modern science, Lynn Thorndike's "History of Magic and Experimental Science" (Macmillan; 2 vols.) covers the first thirteen centuries of our era and should be the first book to follow the history, or rather to be taken with it, as Pirenne's book, named below, should be. "The Opus Majus of Roger Bacon" has been published in English by the University of Pennsylvania, in which one may find the physical world of the Middle Ages as it appeared to a man ahead of his age. This book is not to be confounded with "The Cipher of Roger Bacon," published by the same house, a painstaking effort to piece together a cryptic language from the tiny pot-hooks forming elaborate decorations in his manuscript, the supposition being that the author, who knew he had the only magnifying glass in the world strong enough to read the figures, felt safe in saying what he pleased with them.

Beyond this point there are several popularly written surveys for the general reader, freely illustrated. "Devils, Drugs, and Doctors," by Howard W. Haggard (Harper), is the story of the science of healing and its emergence from superstition. "From Magic to Science," by C. J. Singer, M.D. (Liveright), traces the relation of religion to science and the parts taken by the scientific and the superstitious mind in the history of human reason. "Man the Miracle Maker," by Henrik Willem Van Loon (Liveright), is a similar survey of the history of inventions. Coming to the present day, Franklin H. Giddings makes an impassioned plea for a new liberal education in "The Mighty Medicine: Superstition and Its Antidote" (Macmillan).

The best general treatise on the rise and growth of the power of business is Clive Day's "History of Commerce" (Longmans, Green), which goes from ancient through medieval times to the present day, for the latest revision takes it past the Great War. "The Romance of Commerce," by H. Gordon Selfridge (Dodd, Mead), is a popular survey like those described for medicine and inventions, running from primitive markets to the contemporary department store. The author is the founder and head of the one with the largest and brassiest front door in London if not in the cosmos; four stories high and wide as a barn. "Mediæval Cities," by Henri Pirenne (Princeton), is a set of lectures on the decline of Mediterranean trade and the rise of commerce in Northern Europe. For the present day we have Earnest Elmo Calkins's convinced and convincing "Business, the Civilizer" (Little, Brown), rapid reading for so big a book. The travels of Marco Polo are, as Mr. O'Neill will not let us forget, the work of a travelling salesman, and one of the books I keep on hand to dip into for revival of interest in the human race is "The Fugger News Letters" (Putnam)—two books, rather, for these amazing trade-reports of days before newspapers come in two richly rewarding volumes.

E. N. S., Miami, Fla., asks for five or six recent books on behaviorism.

"THE Ways of Behaviorism," by J. B. Watson (Harper), and the same intrepid author's "Psychological Care of Infant and Child" (Norton); "Human Behavior," by W. S. Hunter (University of Chicago); "The Nature of Conduct," by P. M. Symonds (Macmillan); "Fundamentals of Objective Psychology," by A. E. Heath (Longmans).

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 1080)

THE RAIDERS. By *Charles Alden Seltzer.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIERS. By *Coningsby Dawson.* Doubleday, Doran. $1.

MARION ISLE. By *H. Rider Haggard.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

THE BRIGHT THREAD. By *Cornelia Geer Le Boutillier.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

FIND THE WOMAN. By *Helen Joan Hultman.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

THE CABALA. By *Thornton Wilder.* The Modern Library. 95 cents.

MOLINOFF. By *Maurice Bedel.* New York: Viking Press. $2.50.

THE ETERNAL FOREST. By *George Godwin.* New York: Appleton. $2.

PAPER HOUSES. By *William Plomer.* New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

THE OLD MAN. By *Eugene MacLean.* Coward-McCann. $2.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE DUSK. By *Kain O'Dare.* Century. $2.

FROM DEAUVILLE TO MONTE CARLO. By *Basil Woon.* Horace Liveright.

THE WIND THAT TRAMPS THE WORLD. By *Frank Owen.* New York: The Lantern Press. $1.50.

FROM DUSK TO DAWN. By *William Garrett.* Appleton. $2.

MAIDS WILL BE WIVES. By *Hazel Cole.* Little, Brown. $2.50.

MR. BILLINGHAM, THE MARQUIS, AND MADELON. By *E. Phillips Oppenheim.* Little, Brown. $2.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on page* 1076)

THE LAST WANIGAN. By KENT CURTIS. Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.

It is giving nothing away to explain that a wanigan is a double-ended skiff, and this particular one was used for aquatic travel in search of a dynamiter by two boys of the Chippewa valley. Mr. Curtis has not aimed at large effects, and the result is a happily intimate view of a section soon to be flooded by the Minnesconsin Dam together with three or four rare specimens of its inhabitants. They all have a sense of humor, and when their own imaginations flag, they call in Paul Bunyan. Roosky, the vacillating villain, provides a few moments which don't come to much, but the virtues of this book are the briefly pictured setting and the delightful comradeship between Tod Hand and Johnny Headflyer, half-breed. It is an advance on the same author's "Drumbeaters Island."

MATCHING MOUNTAINS WITH THE BOY SCOUT UNIFORM. By *Edward F. Reimer.* New York: Dutton. $2.

PICTURELAND. By *Frank Owen.* New York: The Lantern Press. $1.75.

THREE POINTS OF HONOR. By *Russell Gordon Carter.* Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

(*Continued on page* 1084)

Books New and Notable

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THE Bibliographical Society of America has recently issued through the University of Chicago Press, volume 21, parts 1 and 2, of its "Papers." This volume contains "New York City Newspapers, 1820-1850: a Bibliography," compiled by Louis H. Fox, Chief of the Newspaper Division, New York Public Library. As Mr. Fox explains in his preface, his aim has been "to list all publications issued in New York City . . . which may be considered 'newspapers'. It [the bibliography] therefore includes many papers devoted to some special cause or subject, and largely given over to that, but carrying news items in addition." The title of the paper is given first, followed by the inclusive years of publication and the political association, then a brief history for the period covered, and finally the location of files in four libraries, the New York Public, the New York Historical Society, the American Antiquarian Society, and the Library of Congress, with an occasional use of other libraries. Mr. Fox has done an excellent and much needed piece of work that can not be appreciated too highly. G. M. T.

THE following note, taken from Messrs. Dulau's catalogue, number 168, contains so great an amount of wisdom, and such an unusually sane outlook on the entire problem of determining issues solely on the basis of typographical errors, that it deserves to be emphasized, whether or not one happens to be interested in the book described—Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man." "Deductions drawn from printer's errors are frequently fallible, as witness such instances as Boswell's 'Johnson,' Douglas's 'South Wind,' and Conrad's 'Arrow of Gold.' It now seems certain that all the misprint 'points' about these books are without significance in regard to priority of issue. The same applies to the book here discussed. The, by now, famous dropped 'o' on page 365 appears in all the various states of the book, and in all states there are copies with the 'o' in its proper place. This might rather alarmingly complicate the number of issues if it had any significance. Still more alarming would have been the discoveries by the spotters of points if their alertness had extended to other errors in the imposition of the type. These . . . are due to imperfections in the type-metal and it cannot be said with any certitude at what stage of the printing the type began to telescope. Even if this were known, still no deduction could be drawn from it, for, surely, it is the order of issue by the publisher that counts, and not the order of printing. No one can say in what order the sheets would be picked up by the gatherers, sewed by the sewers, bound by the binders, delivered to the publishers, or issued by them to the booksellers. It is the last point which is important to the collector and, with the kind assistance of the author and the publisher, we have been enabled to elucidate the problem." There are, it seems, four different forms which Dulau divides into two classes; the first has the fore-edges rough-trimmed, leaving a number of unopened pages, and the lower edges also rough-trimmed; the second has the lower edges entirely untrimmed; the third (called Class 2, form A) has the fore and lower edges entirely untrimmed; while the fourth has all the edges trimmed smooth. "In either of these [last two] forms a copy is of the second issue. The trimmed copies were intended for the circulating libraries. . . . We hope that these few remarks will induce caution on the part of those who are too apt to jump to conclusions, and to infer from a bibliographical peculiarity in one or more copies of any book that what may be merely a curiosity is necessarily an indication of rarity or priority of issue."

There is, of course, little more to be said; it is seldom that any dealer is to be found who, with such courage, will recommend to collectors the kind of intelligent conservatism shown in this instance.

G. M. T.

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THAT anyone with a sense of modern life could possibly have doubted the ultimate formation of such a club is unbelievable—it was one of the few forms of organization omitted from the contemporary scene, and therefore destined before long to appeal to the imagination of some over-active enthusiast who, inspired by the stock market, felt a call to something higher and finer. The pamphlet describing the club and explaining its purposes, appears in two forms: Variant A—smooth paper, top and fore-edges trimmed, figured borders in chocolate; Variant B—rough paper, top edges trimmed, and figured borders in blue. Page 1, striking the keynote of emphasis immediately, begins with the motto, "Beaux livres—Belles lettres," and proceeds to plunge into aims and general philanthropy. "To furnish, to lovers of beautiful books, unexcelled editions of their favorite works . . . to place beautifully printed books in the hands of booklovers at commendably low prices . . . to foster in America a high regard for perfection in bookmaking . . . by publishing for its members twelve books each year, illustrated by the greatest of artists and planned by the greatest of designers . . . *this* is the purpose of The Limited Editions Club." It makes small difference whether it is a question of guiding Americans towards great art, or towards the Cunard Line, the style and manner are quite similar: three dots and a nice use of the comma blend them all happily into one homogeneous whole. "The Club will restrict its membership to fifteen hundred. To this subscribing group the Club will issue, once during each month of the year, a perfectly printed and beautiful book. No pains will be spared to achieve both perfection and beauty," except, perhaps, in the matter of selecting the book to be thus glorified, but that is, presumably, unimportant since there is no suggestion anywhere of the subscriber sitting down placidly with his latest ten-dollar, Limited Editions Club product of Perfection and Beauty, just deposited at his door in a nicely wrapped-up parcel, and reading it for enjoyment. Ah, no—"each member . . . will thus find himself in possession of a library containing examples of the work of all the world's great printers and artists!" The authors, it may be observed, are cast joyously into obscurity: anyone can write, but so few can illustrate and design type, so few can create the obvious beauty of a printed page. . . . As a final gesture, the subject of money value is discussed: "It is obvious that books produced in such a manner and in such limited quantities will quickly attain to high prices in the book market; particularly in view of the fact that the price of ten dollars, the cost of each book to the Club's members, is lower than the usual price for similar editions now being published. The Club, however, pledges itself to issue its books only to accredited members, and to sell no copies at advanced prices to anyone." Thus the value of the investment is secured, and although there are no dividend coupons to be fussed with, the final returns from the auction room will be sufficient to make up for everything.

For its support, such an organization must depend upon two groups, the assemblers of books who have to fill empty shelves in their book-rooms, and the collectors of either modern fine printing or illustrated books. The first class, although numerically large, need not be considered, but the second has reason for bitter complaint. Why it is necessary to give space to volumes containing two of Stevenson's most hackneyed short stories, "Rip Van Winkle," Poe's "Arthur Gordon Pym," and Mr. Whittier's mosaic of rural folkways in Massachusetts during a snow-storm, simply because someone has

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had the novel idea of reprinting them elaborately, is beyond comprehension. The complete "Robinson Crusoe"—the prospectus is silent on this point of completeness—is worth doing, and both LaFontaine and "Gulliver" deserve the best of treatment. Boccaccio—who suggests merely a kind of schoolboy obscenity—might have been omitted; it is only extraordinary that the "Psalm of Life" and the "Rubaiyat" escaped attention for this year. The late Thomas Bird Mosher, whose work is so little valued at present, at least possessed the gift of good taste in literature, and, in a rather drab literary era, persisted in bringing out Walter Pater, the essays of Vernon Lee, and "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"—he may have cared too much for Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Fiona MacLeod, but no one was obliged to purchase these writers, merely because he had printed them. But now, of course, the author has been obliterated to make even more brilliant the apotheosis of the type designer and the illustrator. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to point out that the Limited Editions Club, Incorporated, in spite of its avowed alliance with Beauty and Perfection, will scarcely disturb any real collector who continues to find his greatest pleasure in looking for what he wants without the kindly assistance of a publishing firm and the parcel post delivery service.

G. M. T.

"In a sale at Sotheby's early in June a number of letters sent by Thomas Hardy to A. C. Benson come up for auction," says the *Manchester Guardian*. "They are of unusual interest, touching as they do on the war. In October, 1914, Hardy wrote: 'How are you affected by this ghastly turmoil in Europe? What a senseless and wicked thing! No good can come of it to anybody in the most favorable issue as far as I can see. Matthew Arnold called history a huge Mississippi of falsehood, but I do hope she will speak the truth for once when at some future date she pronounces on the cause of it all and lay the sin at the right door.'

"Two months later he was writing: 'It is sad to hear how the young men around you are thinning away. To me the war seems only beginning.'

"Some writings of Mr. G. B. Shaw come up in the same sale. One is a short autograph manuscript written as a newspaper article for the *Star* but apparently never published. It is headed 'A Prize-fighter on Prize-fighting, or The Seamy Side of the Ring,' bearing the date January, 1888. Mr. Shaw at present is on an Adriatic island which also harbors Mr. Tunney, the heavyweight champion of the world. One hopes that he will write another article on the difference between the pugilist of 1888 and of 1929."

* *

Among recent French books of interest are Marcel Prévost's "L'Homme Vierge," Maurice Genevoix's "Cyrille," Francis Carco's "Printemps d'Espagne," Claude Farrère's "Marche Funèbre," Léon Daudet's "Paris Vécu," and General Weygand's biography of Turenne.

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Camera portrait of JOHN COWPER POWYS *by* SHERRIL SCHELL. *His new novel,* WOLF SOLENT, *is widely hailed as a monumental achievement . . . challenging comparison with the immortals.*

Striding great strides, a wandering pilgrim of eternity left *The Inner Sanctum* last week, his head staggering with glory. . . . Thus did JOHN COWPER POWYS have the first intimations of his new and far-flung fame.

Never before was it vouchsafed to your correspondents to see so clearly the strands and colors of literary renown actually woven into so dazzling and so enduring a pattern. . . .

The occasion was the first reading of the first reviews of *Wolf Solent*, and it shall always be one of the imperishable memories and consolations of this editorial heartbreak house.

When *The Inner Sanctum* read the manuscript, just one year ago, it recognized, from the first page to the last, the stuff of greatness, and immediately compared, with an understandable restraint and reverence, JOHN COWPER POWYS with Thomas Hardy and Dostoievsky. This comparison sank deep, but now the confirming verdict of independent critics and men of letters goes infinitely further. As Heaven is our witness, a partial list of the immortals with whom, for one attribute or another, JOHN COWPER POWYS has been compared includes:

THOMAS HARDY
EMILY BRONTÉ
JOSEPH CONRAD
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
FEODOR DOSTOIEVSKY
EDGAR ALLAN POE
MARCEL PROUST
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
JOHN GALSWORTHY
ANATOLE FRANCE
JAMES JOYCE
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
SOPHOCLES

"JOHN COWPER POWYS," says ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, in a brilliant critique in the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, *"is by turns an* EMILY BRONTÉ, *a wild creature of the heath; a subtle, introspective* PROUST; *a nature enthralled* WORDSWORTH; *a* POE, *journeying in deliberate search of horror; a* DOSTOIEVSKY, *shaking with the mystic fever; even at rare moments, a* SHAKESPEARE, *hurling the ultimate dramatic word. . . ."*

The comparisons and allusions listed above are made by essayists, novelists, critics, poets, philosophers, and reviewers, representing a wide range of prejudices and standards:

THEODORE DREISER
EDWARD GARNETT
EDGAR LEE MASTERS
WILL DURANT
CONRAD AIKEN
MARY ROSS [in *The New York Herald Tribune*]
PERCY HUTCHISON [in *The New York Times*]
HARRY HANSEN [in *The New York World*]
ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES
FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER [in *The New York Evening Post*]
RICHARD LOCKRIDGE [in *The New York Sun*]

Almost every tribute contains the inevitable reference to THOMAS HARDY and EMILY BRONTÉ. The mounting significance of the comparative allusions is indicated best by this excerpt from the *New York Times Book Review:*

". . . The present writer avers that WOLF SOLENT *is a profound study, a work of more than ordinary significance . . . a work of transcendant interest and great beauty . . . ; but seeking a descriptive phrase, he is inclined to desert both the giant of Wessex and the Russian masters, and to turn back to Shakespeare.* WOLF SOLENT *is a modern prose* HAMLET. . . ."

Since this issue of *The Inner Sanctum* column is turning out to be a super-review-of-reviews, it is perhaps best to close with some other representative comments, woefully condensed only because of the pressure of space:

*"*MR. JOHN COWPER POWYS *looks wonderingly, without blinking, at the shuttles of shame, ecstasy, glory and degradation which cross and recross to weave the unique and mysterious pattern that is a human life. He grasps the shuttles with firm and sensitive hands, and the fabric of his book is rich and strange. It is at once as natural and as eerie as the phosphorescent wake of a ship breasting the waters of a midnight sea. . . . In the beauty and freshness of its imagery and the sustained interest of its narrative its power is without question. Its prose often rises to the cadence of poetry. And beyond beauty, it sinks shafts through the unique personalities and provincial setting with which it deals, to a core of truth which is the stuff of human experience, whether in a cottage in Dorset or a furnished room on Manhattan Island."*
—MARY ROSS in *The New York Herald Tribune.*

—ESSANDESS.

WE hear from England that *Rose Macaulay's* next novel will probably be called "Staying with Relations." She hopes to have it ready for Autumn publication. . . .

Thompson Buchanan, husband of *Joan Lowell,* has turned *Major Warwick Deeping's* "Sorrell and Son" into a play, which will probably be put on in London in the fall. . . .

A book of five stories by *Michael Arlen* will be simultaneously published in America and England. It is entitled "Babes in the Wood" and they say that the terms arranged for the English edition easily break all records for a volume of stories. . . .

Harper's springs upon us the following "Publicity Pome":

Said Lorna Rea *to* Lorna Moon,
I'll have another printing soon;
Said Lorna Moon *to* Lorna Rea
New printings keep the wolf away.

Mrs. Rea, who has been described as "fair and energetic," distinguished herself at Cambridge. She took a good place in her examinations, played tennis for the university, and edited the Newham College Magazine. She says she felt her characters so deeply that she sometimes wept as she wrote. . . .

Joseph Anthony, editor of Cosmospolitan Book Corporation, went to Northampton recently to read the last part of the manuscript of *President Coolidge's* autobiography, which covers his life from the time he was a farm boy in Vermont up to retirement from the Presidency of the United States. When Mr. Anthony expressed his enthusiasm over the work, Mr. Coolidge characteristically and laconically replied, "I'll think about it." . . .

We thank *Marion E. Dodd* of the Hampshire Bookshop, Inc. for sending us copies of the *Book Scorpion* and the *Book Scorpion Miscellany,* a lot of charming original publicity. . . .

Out at Garden City, due to *Roland Young's* having written a little series of verses upon subjects mostly zoological and biological, entitling the collection "Not for Children," the D. D. local bard (that isn't swearing!) did another set, which has been sent on to us on paper of various colors. From it we quote the following verse:

How lucky that the quaint giraffe
Is hardened to the human laugh!
When I behold his long esophagus
I'm glad he isn't anthropophagous.

Miss Martha Keller, Advertising and Publicity Manager for G. P. Putnam's Sons, is engaged to *Edmund Rowland* of Rose Tree and Crum Creek, Media, Pennsylvania. The date of the wedding had not yet been set but it will probably be the latter part of June. Though Miss Keller has presented her resignation from Putnam's to take effect sometime in September, she does not intend to vanish permanently from the publishing field. . . .

On August 21st will appear through Longmans, Green, *Percy Mackaye's* "Weather-goose-Woo!" another lyrical tale drawn from the mysterious "creek world" of the Appalachians where Americans, who speak an English as old as Shakespere's, live a life as vital as Broadway's, yet strange as a medieval ballad. . . .

The Travelers Book Shop, at 11 Broadway, has just made its independent bow to the travel reading public under the direction of *Miss Anna May,* who has managed the shop from the beginning under other auspices. It has a specialized service for travelers which includes selection of the exact book needed for any particular trip. . . .

Bert Cooksley, writing from Englewood, N. J., supplies the final word upon the lines to the late George Sterling's face. He says in part:

Sterling and I were talking about the human phizz one afternoon and I told him I thought his'n resembled an 1814 German Gilka jug more than anything I could recall seeing. (The æsthetic, slightly crooked-handle type, baked a parchment brown), and he said John Kenneth Turner got it on the nail when he wrote him (Sterling) that he wanted to see that "Greek minæ which had been run over by a Roman chariot" again. That's from Sterling himself, and I suspect he knew something about where the remark sprung from.

As for my drawing: half a dozen Sazaracs assisted the ragged lines in it, and George was bawling the Abalone Song whilst I fiddled with the pencil. And somebody was reading 'Tamar' next to me. So form your own conclusions.

The Poetry Clan has chosen for its fourth book this year "Machinery" by *McKnight Black,* which was published by Horace Liveright in March. . . .

Burton Rascoe's "Gustibus," probably the most-announced book that ever was without ever putting in an appearance, is now said actually to have been completed. Mr. Rascoe has assured his publishers of this, and they intend to bring it out in the Fall. . . .

The date of the publication of "Sleeveless Errand," by William Morrow and Company (just in case we've got you all excited about it!) is June 6th. . . .

Norah James, the author, is a young girl and pretty, with blue eyes and an Eton crop. She began her career as a sculptor. Since then she has been a trade union organizer for civil servants, a journalist, a motor driver, a book jacket designer, and political secretary to a Parliamentary candidate. She is now advertising manager for a British publisher. . . .

Says Little, Brown: *Erich Maria Remarque,* the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," (to be out today) is a 31 year old former German infantryman of French descent who, at the age of eighteen, went from school into the army and to the Western Front. He returned home from the Armistice to find that his mother had died, his friends had been killed, and that he was alone in the world. He became a teacher in a village on the moors, an organist in an asylum, a music teacher, the manager of a small business, a motor car dealer, a dramatic critic, the foreign correspondent for a large firm, and finally an editor and motor specialist in Berlin. . . .

And considering those two examples given above,—do people still aver that a writer's is a sedentary existence? . . .

Basil Woon, who has traveled widely and taken about all the hurdles, says he wants to go home now. "I have no home, but there is a home I want to go to. It is an olive ranch in a sequestered valley. Not ten people pass in a month. Grim mountains hedge it in and mean peace. I want peace. I want that home. I have wanted it for years. It is only forty minutes from Monte Carlo." . . .

Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., author of "Fix Bayonets" and "Red Pants" and draughtsman extraordinary of the military man, is now engaged in writing a life of *Jeb Stuart,* the great Southern cavalry leader, which Scribner will publish. Thomason will naturally illustrate his own book. . . .

I. A. Richards, author of "The Principles of Literary Criticism," and co-author with *C. K. Ogden* of "The Meaning of Meaning," has accepted the professorship of English for one year at Tsing Hua University, Peking. . . .

Of the Poetry Quartos brought out by Random House, we like *Genevieve Taggard's* fear song for Mothers. We cannot begin to understand *Vachel Lindsay's* "Rigamarole, Rigamarole." It sounds just like that to us. . . .

George Moore's novel, "Aphrodite in Aulis," is nearly ready, and arrangements have been completed for its publication in the United States. . . .

We acknowledge receipt of a copy of *Lloyd Paul Stryker's* "Andrew Johnson," a Macmillan book that is but just out. It is subtitled, "A Study in Courage." Mr. Stryker maintains that Johnson suffered the crucifixion by the Radicals in Congress that Lincoln would have undergone had he lived. Johnson fought Lincoln's fight and inherited Lincoln's enemies. . . .

The Hours Press (Nancy Cunard) Chapelle-Réanville, Eure, France, has hand-set two hundred signed copies of a poem by *Richard Aldington,* "The Eaten Heart," which sells at a pound and a shilling. . . .

Little, Brown will publish in the Autumn the first novel that the once famous *A. S. M. Hutchinson* has written in four years. It is entitled "The Uncertain Trumpet." . . .

And so———!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page* 1082)

CHIEF MODERN POETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA. Selected and Edited by GERALD DEWITT SANDERS and JOHN HERBERT NELSON. Macmillan. 1929.

In spite of the seemingly great variety, there are only two types of anthologies. One, representing many movements and authors of many differences, is inclusive; the other, limiting its contents to fewer authors, is exclusive. The former places its emphasis on poetry, the latter on poets. The former has the advantage of showing the range and complexity of a period; the latter, by quoting more work by its restricted contributors, furnishes more material for the study of individual authors. Both complement each other, but the latter is more open to criticism—especially where every reader is his own critic. The narrower the list of "leading" poets, the surer the reader will be to challenge the editor's preferences and the more obvious will be the editor's own—naturally arbitrary—prejudices.

Messrs. Sanders's and Nelson's collection is of the second type and the reviewer promptly wonders, as every reader will wonder, concerning the omissions. Can there be a collection of the "chief" modern poets of England without Rudyard Kipling? Of America, without Edgar Lee Masters? Yet this is such a collection. If Thomas Hardy (born 1840) is included, why is Emily Dickinson (born 1830) left out? The editors quote twenty-seven poems by Robert Bridges, but not one line by English poets as distinctive as Rupert Brooke, Edith Sitwell, Humbert Wolfe, Charlotte Mew. The proportions are puzzling. If one is to judge by the space allotted, the second greatest poet in England and America is W. W. Gibson who is represented by all of thirty-five poems, while the untheatrical bucolics of Edward Thomas and the genuine unforced outcries of Wilfred Owen are not even mentioned.

When the editors shift to America, the disproportions are still more startling. Here are forty selections from Sara Teasdale, five from Edna St. Vincent Millay, nothing from Elinor Wylie or Lizette Woodworth Reese. John Gould Fletcher is liberally represented—three times as liberally as Ezra Pound—but there was, somehow, no room for T. S. Eliot. Nor, in this otherwise careful collection, can one find a poem by Robinson Jeffers, Edgar Lee Masters, Wallace Stevens, Alfred Kreymborg, Archibald MacLeish. The notes are curiously "dated." Although published and prefaced in 1929, the editors have Miss Millay still living in Greenwich Village instead of at her farm in Austerlitz; they place Pound in Paris instead of Rapallo, and have Robert Graves still teaching at the Egyptian University though he has not been in Egypt in more than three years.

These are faults of commission, not of kind. That this type of anthology has a place is demonstrated by the excellent groups of poems by Masefield, Yeats, "A. E.," W. H. Davies (almost offsetting the meagre one by de la Mare), Robinson, and Sandburg. And Conrad Aiken, a poet who has received insufficient notice, is given ample space for a change. It is for such sections that this volume, in spite of its lapses, will prove valuable as supplementary reading.

THALIA. By *John Finley, Jr.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

COMPASS ROSE. By *Elizabeth Coatsworth.* Coward-McCann. $1 net.

NEARER THE BONE. By *Charles A. Wagner.* Coward-McCann. $1 net.

BANDS AND REBELS. By *Keene Wallis.* Coward-McCann. $1 net.

ANGEL ARMS. By *Kenneth Fearing.* Coward-McCann. $1 net.

HILARI VERSUS ET LUDI. Reedited by *John B. Fuller.* Holt. $2.

POEMS OF THE NIAGARA FRONTIER. By *Evelyn M. Watson.* Dean. $1.50.

Science

RELIGION THE DYNAMIC OF EDUCATION. Edited by *Walter M. Howlett.* Harpers. $1.50.

RELIGION. By *Edward Scribner Ames.* Holt. $3.

OUR RECOVERY OF JESUS. By *Walter E. Bundy.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

SPIRITUAL ECONOMICS. By *John Emery McLean.* Pittsburgh: Henry George Foundation.

FATHERS OF THE CHURCH. By *F. A. Wright.* Dutton. $4.

CAN I TEACH MY CHILD RELIGION? By *George Stewart.* Doubleday, Doran. $1.50 net.

SIMON THE CROSS-BEARER. By *P. Whitwell Wilson.* Revell. 60 cents.

UNRAVELLING THE BOOK OF BOOKS. By *Ernest R. Trattner.* Scribners. $2.75.

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Points of View

Teachers' Salaries

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

My interest in your editorial called "The Price of Security" and in James Truslow Adams's essay, "Morituri Te Salutamus" leads me to write this letter. I write as one who has a very acute interest in this matter, and a responsibility to it a little different from yours. I think I agree with each of you. There are, however, one or two phases of the matter which I, from the administrative standpoint, face that perhaps have not impressed you so much.

Mr. Canby's editorial denounced the price the teacher pays for security, his evasion of real action, resulting in a deplorable situation of dependence on charity.

While no specific mention was made of it, I hope Mr. Canby had in mind the one feature of college teaching which absolutely differentiates it from any other profession, and which I feel is one of the biggest handicaps to adequate compensation for superior service, namely, permanency of tenure. With the possible exception of state and federal judges, I know of no other profession where a man continues to hold his job and salary, usually until seventy, quite irrespective of whether he loafs or not. If teachers want to demand proper compensation, should they not place themselves somewhat on the plane that every other professional and working man does, i. e., pay while one is worth it, and not if one's worth vanishes? This would destroy some smug academic security. It would be a sad blow to the quite numerous incompetents in the academic world, many of whom are now being paid more than they are worth, from the crude market standpoint. It would, however, show those who must finance better teachers' salaries, that the recipients of their gifts were willing to demand higher pay only when they were worth it. Isn't this type of action the most immediate thing for American intellectualists to do, if, as Mr. Canby urges, they are "in order to avoid becoming a servant class, to risk job and even profession in the attempt"?

Mr. Arnett, past President of the American Association of Colleges, who knows about as much about college salaries as any one, urged this in my hearing at the recent meeting of the Association, but I have grave doubts whether college teachers, except in very isolated places, are going to be willing to give up this proud academic privilege. I fear they want these higher salaries,—which most of them should have,—and also the smug security of permanent tenure. Certainly, the Yale professors, in their recent report, so demanded,—page 87, on permanency of tenure: "to abolish permanency of tenure would be to reduce the University's faculties entirely and completely to the status of employees." I vigorously dissent; I think as is true of every other profession, a good man will always find a real opportunity; with the American Association of University Professors so active, the chances for unjust treatment by arbitrary boards of trustees are greatly minimized, but I am willing to wager any amount that ninety-nine per cent. of college teachers will say "Amen" to their Yale colleagues, and in the same voice demand the larger salaries,—in the Yale case amounting to $15,000 or $16,000 a year.

Mr. Adams's most interesting comparison of the results of modern industry on the teachers' situation points to the deadening result of mass consumption and group conformity. One of the results of this is that teachers seem to wish to be treated by groups, in classes, instead of allowing an unusual man to be paid an unusual salary, and a mediocre man to be paid a mediocre salary, or perhaps lose his position. The Yale professors demand, on page 86, a salary scale based on rank and length of tenure, with "the salary to be determined by the position, not by the individual." I think this a beautiful illustration of the result of mass production and conformity in the academic world. What other profession in the world (except, barely possibly, the bench, which is really in a different category) would have the effrontery to say this. Yet, college professors, with the timidity which Mr. Canby denounces, urge that they be treated as a group, with little or no recognition of individual differences and superiorities. I doubt whether we can get men of wealth to finance $8,000 salaries at Wesleyan, and $15,000 at Yale, if they are *dealing with the mass.*

College teachers bemoan the apparent evidence of business practice in academic matters. They want to keep their jobs almost for life (and they are very unhappy, and sometimes vituperative, if they are asked to retire before seventy, even when the college's welfare demands this action by the trustees); they want to be treated as a group instead of as individuals (when obviously some are "worth" twice as much as others ever can be); they urge salaries to put their incomes on a comparison with those of young bankers, lawyers, and other business men.

All of this sounds somewhat critical of the American college professors; I do not so mean it. I think the improvement in his living conditions is the greatest immediate problem before the American college. I feel, however, as both of you suggest, but with a little different emphasis than your articles propose, that the professor must be brave enough to stand on his own feet, unfortified by permanency of tenure irrespective of his worth, and must expect to receive a big salary or not, not because of his position, but because of his own worth. Do you agree? What chance do you think there is of the academic world ever being open-minded on such proposals?

JAMES L. MCCONAUGHY,
President, Wesleyan University.

Shakespeare Forgeries

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Professor Tucker Brooke's review, May 11, 1929, of my book, "Shakspere Forgeries in the Revels' Accounts," is so unfair that I shall break a custom and take cognizance of a reviewer's strictures. After all, the author of a book owes some obligations to himself, his publisher, his public, and—who shall say no?—to the reviewer.

Mr. Albert S. Osborn's technique is not merely Mr. Osborn's technique. His technique in the study of questioned documents is that of all trained examiners of questioned documents the world over. Neither Mr. Osborn, nor any other handwriting expert, restricts his technique to the detection of forgeries "in present-day writings." The principles underlying the technique are just as applicable to documents written "three hundred years" ago as to those written today or seventy-five years ago. This proposition I venture to say, will be accepted by any reader of the *Saturday Review.*

That the study of facsimiles may be sufficient to determine the spuriousness of questioned documents will be conceded by anyone who has given the subject study. As to this, no untrained person, not even a college professor, is qualified to express an opinion. Your readers ought to be permitted to judge for themselves, by an examination of my enlarged facsimiles and by a reading of my arguments, whether forgery may be detected in this way or not. It requires nothing more than a dose of commonsense to see that photographic enlargements reveal details which are otherwise hidden from the naked eye. Retouching, mending, patching, overwriting, erasures etc., are revealed by the microscope when the naked eye sees nothing suspicious.

That photographic enlargements are superior to the originals in the study of a questioned document is proved by experience as well as by theoretical considerations, as any of your readers may convince themselves if they will read Mr. Osborn's very thoughtful and acutely reasoned book, "Questioned Documents" (a new edition of which has just been published).

Your reviewer is not convinced by "alleged examples" of "patched letters and criminal hesitation microscopically revealed." But it so happens that these patched and mended and overwritten letters were not "microscopically revealed;" they are obvious even to the naked eye of the most inexpert.

That the data continued in the questioned Accounts have not been invalidated has nothing to do with my book. What I maintain is that the documents, as we now have them, are spurious, even though they may have been based on genuine documents which the forger probably destroyed. Surely this is not such a subtle distinction that your readers cannot see it.

In defence of the impugned Revels Accounts, Professor Brooke informs your readers that "the other documents faked by Collier are now riddled with anachronism, as new sources of information have wrecked his assumed chronology." This argument sounds plausible but is misleading. Not *all* of Collier's other forgeries have been wrecked by assumed chronology. For aught we know many of his forgeries may still be generally accepted and free from suspicion. That this may be so is rendered highly probable by my recent (January 1929) proof that an alleged item (in Arber's *Transcript*) regarding "a ballad of Macdobeth" and of "The Taming of a Shrew"—which had not previously fallen under suspicion—is a Collier forgery.

Professor Brooke gives your readers the impression that I base my case solely on "evidences of slow handwriting and mended letters" as symptoms of forgery. I need hardly say I have not been guilty of anything so absurd. I pointed out that in the questioned play-lists certain unnecessary *l's* were inserted, with a different pen and with different ink, into certain words that some of the matter was written on paper rotten with damp, that in one spot something was erased so thoroughly as to make holes in the paper, that at least one important word was left incomplete, that several words were first spelled one way and then overwritten with another spelling, etc. These, I submit, are proofs of forgery, not of languid workmanship on the part of an hypothetical "brither Scot."

And, finally, Professor Brooke, it seems to me, is guilty of perverse reasoning and distortion. He tells your readers, without the slightest authority or justification for his statement, that the ink appears to be of "unquestionable antiquity.' He objects to my not having examined the original documents: yet he, having seen only my facsimiles, presumes to pass judgment on the genuineness of the ink. This in spite of the fact that the late Mr. D. T. Wood, an official of the British Museum, having examined the original play-lists, reported that the ink had not penetrated the paper and in places had cracked and peeled off like paint! And be it remembered, too, that all the early investigators had rejected the documents as spurious mainly because of the character of the ink! Notwithstanding all this, Professor Brooke words his concluding sentence in such a way as to lead one who had not read my book to think that I regard the ink of unquestionable antiquity.

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.
New York City.

An Appeal

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

As a regular reader, may I enjoy the hospitality of your columns in an effort to make Americans and Australians better known to each other?

National opinion is simply the sum of the opinions of individuals—with a fuller understanding between individuals there will be fewer national differences.

An effort is being made to secure a collection of book plates for presentation to, and preservation at, the Capitol at Canberra, and I should be grateful for book plates from authors, artists, and readers and writers who would care to associate themselves with this presentation.

Each book plate may have half a dozen lines of descriptive matter, so that the official record will show exactly what was intended that the artist should express in the book plate.

Already I am grateful for able assistance so graciously given by such fine folk as Mencken, Theodore Dreiser, Fannie Hurst, Frank O'Brien, the Editor of the New York *Evening Post,* Joseph and Elinor Pulitzer.

All correspondence will be promptly answered if addressed to George FitzPatrick, Private Box 939 GG., G. P. O., Sydney, Australia.

GEORGE FITZPATRICK.

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